THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. VI, No. 36.—APRIL, 1874.

ST. PATRICK AS AN APOSTLE OF CIVIL LIBERTY.

QUITE probably the eyes of some of the readers of the RECORD will expand with surprise at the title prefixed to this article. "An Apostle of Civil Liberty!" they will exclaim. "We have some acquaintance with St. Patrick's life and character; we have read of his labors as a missionary in Ireland, and of his brilliant success in converting to Christianity the inhabitants of that island; we have listened to many panegyrics upon his sanctity, but we never read or heard of his being an 'Apostle of Civil Liberty,' or of his devoting himself specially to the cause of human freedom."

Very true, yet it is in this light nevertheless that we intend to discuss his influence upon the people of Ireland, and we confidently expect to show from their character and history, that St. Patrick well deserves the title we have applied to him.

We cheerfully concede that St. Patrick is nowhere depicted in history as a "knight-errant" of olden times, ever ready to lend the aid of his strong arm and his good sword to the defence of the oppressed. It is nowhere recorded that by the magic power of eloquence he roused an enslaved people to resistance of tyranny, and led them forth to contend for liberty upon the battle-field.

But there have been conflicts waged for human freedom where no warlike weapon was ever drawn, that in their ultimate results have far outweighed the bloodiest victories ever won, in ages past, by lance and sword; or in later times, by rifled cannon and needle-guns. There have been more effective advocates of human rights than those whose voices thundered from the Athenian Acropolis or "shook the Roman Forum;" mightier champions than those who struck down with mace and axe their country's foes;—champions and heroes whose arms were never raised to slaughter,

but ever extended to bless their fellow-men.

And of these latter, one of the greatest is St. Patrick. And the Irish people, through their ready acceptance of the teachings of that great saint, and their constant adherence to the principles he taught them, have done far more, although it is not generally acknowledged, and indeed not generally known, to establish, and preserve, and to diffuse throughout the world, the principles of true liberty, than have nations which occupy a much more prominent place in history, and which, seemingly, have exerted a much more powerful influence.

It is for this reason specially that we have selected this as the subject of our article for the CATHOLIC RECORD. We are well aware how little justice, or rather, we should say, how great injustice has been done to the people of Ireland in this respect; how entirely the history of Ireland has been falsified, how grossly the actual character of her people and the actual influence of her priests and her religion have been misrepresented. And we feel that we could do no greater service to the cause of justice than to bring the truth to view.

There is another special reason for doing this at the present time. The word "*liberty*" is now on every man's tongue, and seems to occupy every man's thoughts. Men of every creed and school of thought, of the most opposite and irreconcilable principles are claiming to be friends of liberty. In the name of liberty movements of the most antagonistic character are urged forward by their respective advocates and supporters. Conservatism and Radicalism, social order and revolution, religion and irreligion, faith and infidelity, Christianity and atheism, all alike, have liberty inscribed upon their banners, and in her name they are marshalling their hosts and engaging in battle.

There is no question, therefore, of more direct practical importance for the present age, than "What is true liberty?" and there is no people whose history and destiny are more bound up in the right solution of this question, than are, and, from the date of their conversion to Christianity, have been, the people of Ireland.

The desire to be free is inherent in human nature. Nor is there the slightest ground for regarding this feeling as otherwise than right. It forms an essential portion of that invaluable yet fearful gift of moral responsibility with which the Creator of all things has endowed mankind; the characteristic mark, the noblest insignia and crown which elevate man immeasurably above, and distinguish him from all other created beings of earth. Its universality, the fact that it inspires and has inspired men of every rank and condition of life, in all ages and in all countries, proves that it is a part of our common human nature, and was made a part of it by our divine Creator.

But strong and universal as this desire to be free has always been, nothing seems so difficult to obtain as freedom; and nothing, when once obtained, so difficult to retain. Men have sighed for it and dreamed of it. They have striven and fought for it. To obtain it they have deluged the earth with blood and covered it with graves. Rather than give up the hope of attaining it themselves or securing it to others, they have freely surrendered wealth and reputation; have exiled themselves from home and from country; have pined in dungeons; poured out their blood like water upon the battle-field; and died upon the scaffold and the gibbet. There is not a country on the face of the earth that has not been, at some time or other, the theatre of this strife among men for liberty; not

a chapter in history that does not record some movement in the name of liberty, if not for liberty.

And of all countries in the world this is true of Ireland. There is not a page of her annals that does not recount a struggle to become free. There is not a mountain or moor, not a forest or glen in all that fair island that has not some tale to tell how her children have sighed and suffered and fought for liberty.

It is because this is so generally unknown that the Irish character is so generally misunderstood, and that the public at large have as little acquaintance with the real history of Ireland and its relation to the principles of civil and religious freedom as with the history of China or Japan.

That such widespread ignorance of the true history of Ireland exists is not at all singular; it is easily explained.

However indifferent oppressors may be to the opinion of the world in respect to other matters, there is one in regard to which they are universally sensitive,—the tyranny of their actions. They may be unconcerned as to their reputation for virtue, for honesty, truthfulness, clemency, but they all sedulously endeavor to escape from being regarded as tyrants. Hence, we find them endeavoring to cover over their arbitrary measures with the cloak of professions of regard for the welfare of their subjects, and to invent all sorts of pretexts to conceal the tyranny of which they have been guilty.

Religious bigotry, too, in the case of the history of Ireland, as with that of England, has been interested and active in concealing the truth. To have stated, simply as they occurred, the events that transpired during the reign of the Tudors, and the protectorate of Cromwell, to have shown truly the causes and the consequences of these events, would have exhibited the characters of those who held the reins of power in too odious a light, and would have shown up the real nature of the English reformation in such a way, as would have drawn down the indignation of all who loved truth and condemned hypocrisy and tyranny.

Hence political subservience, and the wish to avoid offending alike the Episcopalians, the Presbyterians, and the Non-Conformists of Great Britain, have impelled historical writers to ignore and throw into the background, as far as possible, the history of Ireland, to underrate its importance and to misrepresent its facts, their relations and moral significance.

The ravages of war, too, and the necessity to avoid endangering the personal safety and estates of prominent individuals, and compromising their families and friends, have also caused the destruction of many important documents that would be invaluable as historical evidence. And until of late the records and writings that are extant and that throw most light upon the history of Ireland in her relations to England have been inaccessible to examination.

But with the progress of the self-dissolving process which Protestantism is undergoing, and the growth of liberalism — its legitimate offspring—the motives which led to the suppression and misrepresentation of the facts of Irish history are losing their strength, and a re-examination of those facts is now being made, with the aid, too, of documents long locked up in government bureaus or in private collections of family and state papers, but which have been lately thrown open to examination and study.

And some of the results of this are already becoming apparent. One of these results is the destruction, in the judgment of well-in-

formed and unbiassed minds, of all claims of the so-called English reformation to respect as a religious movement. Another is the clearing up of many uncertainties and the dispelling of much of the confusion in which the history of Ireland was involved. And as the consequence of this, the true character and the real issues involved in the long-continued struggles of the Irish people, are coming to be better understood and more justly appreciated.

In the further discussion of our subject, we direct attention to four facts:

1. The Irish people are a distinct people and race. The antiquity of the Irish race is unquestionable, and it has preserved its purity intact until this day. The slight admixtures of Saxon and Norman blood have been absorbed and assimilated, so that the people of Ireland are now, as they were two thousand years ago, a nation of Celts. Invasions, conquests, revolutions have left them essentially unchanged. In this respect they are a remarkable exception among the nations of Europe, we may say of the world. This is not the case with the people of England, of France, of Spain, of Germany, of Italy, or of Russia. It is not the case with the people of Turkey, of Syria, of Egypt, of India, or of China. What makes this the more remarkable is the close proximity and constant intercourse of the people of Ireland with other peoples of Europe, and the numerous political convulsions and revolutions which they have passed through.

We know of no similar instance but one,—the Jews. And we can find no sufficient explanation for the fact in either case, but that of constant, Providential interposition. But Divine Providence never acts without a purpose and an end. The Irish people and the Jews have each a divine mission to perform; and their preservation, as distinct peoples, can be readily traced to their respective missions; and in their religious beliefs as connected with their missions, we find not only the reasons for, but also the efficient causes and instrumentalities of their continued existence as distinct races and peoples.

There is not the slightest difficulty in determining what these missions are. The Jews in their *un*belief in Christianity, in their obstinate adherence to a religion which has passed away, are a standing evidence of the truth of divine promises and threatenings. They are fulfilling an important but an awful mission. The people of Ireland, continuing a distinct people through all the changes of the lapse of successive centuries, of the rise and downfall of dynasties, kingdoms, political institutions of every kind and character, the growth and decay of nations, the ravages of almost continual war, the desolating effects of successive invasions, the destruction of national laws and national independence, have, also, fulfilled a mission so patent to all that have the power of seeing, that it is unmistakable. It has not been one of material prosperity, of political supremacy, or of military superiority, but a far higher and holier one,—the bearing of a clear, constant, consistent testimony in their native land to the unchangeable and unchanging character of Christianity, and the bearing to the nations of the earth, far and near, amongst whom the Irish are to be found, the same consistent and important testimony. But we are anticipating. It is the fact—the single, physical fact as we may call it—that we are now concerned with; not with its moral significance.

2. The people of Ireland *are not*, and *never* have been, a *subjugated* people. The opposite impression is quite general. This mistaken

impression is the result of two circumstances. 1st. So little is known of the true history of Ireland; 2d. Few persons make the proper distinction between *oppression* and *subjugation*. There is a great difference. The ancient inhabitants of England, the Britons, were subjugated by the Saxons. The Irish never were. England was subsequently invaded by the Danes, but not subjugated by them. After several centuries England was invaded by the Normans, and the people of England were not only conquered but subjugated by the Normans. But the Normans were never able to subjugate Ireland.

Ireland has often been invaded; her armies have often been defeated; her fields have been desolated; her cities taken and plundered; her fairest provinces turned into deserts; her children starved, driven into exile, slaughtered by the sword, or put to death by the executioner's axe and the hangman's rope; but the Irish people have never yet been subjugated. They have never become passive slaves of their conquerors; never given up the hope of freedom; never ceased their struggles to be free.

We might refer in proof of this to many a page of Ireland's history —dark in respect to the scenes of cruel oppression recounted, but glowing with light when we look at the instances of heroic constancy which those otherwise dark pages record.

We adopt, however, another and simpler method of proof, and direct attention to the fact, which cannot be denied or evaded, that the people of Ireland have none of the marks of a subjugated race.

There are two effects which invariably follow the enslavement of a people. These are mental and moral degradation. God intends men to be free. Freedom is their normal condition, and when, through the force of any circumstances whatever, be those circumstances their own fault or not, a people are kept in slavery long enough for the consequences of their enslavement, —their abnormal condition,—to be permanently felt, the result is always seen in their intellectual and moral deterioration. (We use the word moral not as referring primarily to public or private virtue, but simply as referring to the exercise and power of the individual will.)

It is surely not necessary for us to adduce evidences of this. The character and condition of the descendants of Jacob, the Jews, at the time of their liberation from Egyptian bondage, as we learn from allusions in the Pentateuch, illustrate the truth of our position. The history of the Greeks and Romans furnishes additional proofs. We all know how different was the character of the Greeks after they had been subjected, first to Roman rule, and then to that of the Greek emperors, from what it was during the palmy days of Grecian pagan liberty, imperfect as that liberty was. We all know how sadly the Romans degenerated, both intellectually and morally, after the effects of their subjection to the despotism of their emperors came to be fully felt.

We look in vain for any evidences of such deterioration of the Irish people, either in regard to strength of intellect or strength of will.

We know that Protestants have drawn sad pictures of the *ignorance* of the people of Ireland; and we might readily admit their general ignorance of letters, without weakening, in the least, the strength of our argument. Nothing else could well be expected in their case, when it was scarcely possible for them to learn to read and write except under the risk of penal punishment as criminals, or as the price of their surrendering their religious

faith. It is scarcely to be expected that schools should flourish, when the only schoolmasters the Irish could send their children to—unless willing to expose them to the danger of being taught that their parents were idolaters, and their religion a superstition—were hunted like wolves out of the land. Nor can it be supposed that children whose only educational opportunities were confined to receiving instructions surreptitiously, under the concealment of a sheltering hedge, or in some secluded forest nook, would be likely to be as highly educated as those who labored under no such disadvantages.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, the people of Ireland, in quickness, clearness, and strength of intellect, are, to say the very least, the peers of the people of England, of France, of Germany, and of America. The very epithet, quite commonly bestowed upon the Irish, by those who underrate and professedly despise them, shows this. The term "ignorant Irish" is quite common; but who ever heard the phrase stupid, or stolid, applied to the Irish people? Their enemies being the judges, the Irish, intellectually, have not the characteristics of a subjugated race. They are admitted to be quick and clear in their perceptions and mental operations, full of sprightliness, wit, genius, an intellectually gifted race. Intellectually they have all of the characteristic marks of a free people, and none of those that belong to a people long subjugated and enslaved.

We will not refer to the poets, historians, advocates, and statesmen of Irish birth or Irish blood, which grace the roll of England's scholars and great men. The force of such references might be attempted to be evaded by the allegation that they were exceptions to the rule. We have preferred, therefore, confining ourselves to the admitted general intellectual superiority of the people of Ireland *as a people.*

Again: We look in vain among the Irish people for those signs of *moral* degradation which is the invariable consequence of a long period of enslavement. There is no deterioration in regard to domestic virtue. While the lower classes of Protestant England and Scotland and Germany are in this respect but little above the brutes, and while in those countries among the higher classes the forms of decency are sedulously observed, yet, nevertheless, under those forms of decency, impurity and conjugal infidelity are fearfully prevalent. Ireland, as is well known, forms a remarkable exception in this respect, among all the countries of the world. The Irish people, even the poorest of them, are remarkable for their chastity and conjugal fidelity.

But, as we have already said, we use the term "moral" as referring simply to strength of purpose and of will, and to that spirit of self-reliance and individual energy which the consciousness of personal freedom imparts. And in respect to this the Irish people are certainly pre-eminent. Whether in their native land, or in the countries to which they emigrate, they are distinguished for their individuality, their courage, and their energy. In their bearing you discover none of the cringing servility, none of the abject submission of a subjugated race, but all the marks of men, who, however they may have been wronged or oppressed, know what freedom is, value it, and are determined never to surrender the hope of obtaining it.

And it is also an admitted fact that along with their strong individuality of character, the Irish people possess unquestioned courage. This has been attested both in their repeated struggles in their

native land, to free themselves from English rule, and in foreign countries by Irish exiles on many a well-contested field. In the headlong charge against the serried ranks of their enemies, in stubbornly maintaining their position against assailing columns, and in the desperate assault upon the "deadly imminent breach," they have won a character for gallantry and courage which not even prejudice can deny. The records of Wellington's campaigns in the Spanish peninsula, and the history of the recent conflict between the North and the South, in the United States, alike attest this. Neither the stern resolve of men of English and Scotch descent, the discipline of our Germans, the fiery valor of the Southern descendants of the French emigrants, the steady determination of the sons of the Plymouth pilgrims, won higher praise from either Northern or Southern leaders than did the impetuosity, the gallantry, the unflinching courage of the Irish. The soldiers of no other race carried their regimental colors farther into the ranks of their foes, or held their ground more tenaciously than did those who fought under the green flag of Ireland.

But we cannot dwell upon this point. We simply sum up what we might say in detail upon it, in the proposition which forms our third fact, and which the enemies as well as the friends of Ireland must admit:

3. That the Irish people have always been remarkable for their firm, courageous, unyielding resistance to those whom they regarded as oppressors, and who have for centuries vainly tried to subdue them; their resistance to what they *deemed* (we will not stop to discuss the correctness or incorrectness of their opinion) *unlawful* authority.

This is a fact which cannot be denied. Indeed, it is one which the opponents of Irish nationality and Irish independence have constantly charged upon the Irish people as a crime; as a reason why they should not be allowed the same rights which they admit that other people may justly claim. Their argument—and it was the staple of all of Mr. Froude's specious apologies for the unjust and oppressive measures of the English government, from the days of Henry VIII down to the present time—is, that the people of Ireland are so rebellious, so stubborn, and so obstinate in their resistance of the laws which England has imposed upon them, that they ought not to be allowed to exercise the rights of freemen.

It is a strange argument. That because a people value freedom; because sooner than give up their rights, and submit to foreign domination, they will endure every hardship and extremity, will surrender ancestral possessions and position, will suffer poverty, political degradation, imprisonment, banishment, death, therefore they are not fit to be freemen.

According to this argument the men who framed the Declaration, which constitutes the charter of our own national independence, were not fit to be free. According to this argument "The Father of his Country," George Washington, the illustrious Catholic Frenchman, La Fayette, the equally illustrious Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the heroic Pole, Kosciusko, and the whole band of soldiers of the American Revolution were *not* patriots fighting in defence of the rights of men; and their aspirations for freedom constituted a just reason for England's riveting upon her American colonies the chains of political bondage more tightly than she tried to rivet them.

But let the argument pass. It needs no answer. We are not, at this point at least, concerned with any inferences that may be drawn from the admitted characteristic of

the Irish people to which we have last made reference. We simply wish to impress it upon the attention of our readers. Our inferences will be deduced hereafter.

4. The Irish people have always been remarkable for their submission—their unquestioning, implicit, constant submission—to their priests and prelates. To this fact their enemies and their friends alike have attributed the stanch, unwavering adherence of the people of Ireland to the Catholic religion. Their friends and admirers have generally praised them for this. And, for the same reason, their enemies, particularly Protestants, have denounced them as slaves and "priest-ridden."

Now we might say to the Protestants who talk so much about "the Bible," that if they would only read it to some purpose they would find that this last referred to characteristic of the Irish people is one that ought to distinguish all true Christians. The Apostles exhorted their converts to reverence and obey those whom God had placed over them in the Church. And a greater than the Apostles—our divine Lord—has said: "He that will not hear the Church let him be to you as a heathen and a publican." But we pass this by; and we simply ask attention to the fact, that the people of Ireland, so rebellious to all other authority, so remarkable for individuality, for personal independence, for intellectual quickness and acumen, for energy, and for courage, have yet been equally remarkable, in the judgment alike of friends and foes, for their willing, cheerful, constant submission to the authority of the Catholic Church.

Now, put these last two characteristics of the Irish people side by side, and consider them in their mutual relation, and also in their relations to the first two facts to which we directed attention.

On the one side the cheerful, unhesitating, unwavering submission of the people of Ireland to the authority of the Catholic Church. On the other their steady, unceasing, unconquerable resistance to imposed foreign civil domination. How will you reconcile them? The seeming antagonism of these two facts, irreconcilable except by only one explanation, becomes still more striking, when considered along with the first two facts to which we have adverted, and which connect themselves naturally and indeed inseparably with the third—the fact that the Irish have always remained a distinct race, inspired with aspirations for national independence; the fact that they have never been subjugated, nor lost either their sense of, or their pride in, their ancestry and nationality, and never gave up their aspirations after national independence; and the fact that they have sternly, stubbornly, heroically struggled and striven to resist imposed civil authority; and have unceasingly asserted their right to civil liberty. Put these three collateral and inseparably united facts—all indeed being but different exhibitions and forms of action of the same one animating, characteristic principle—on the one side; and on the other the unwavering, willing submission of the Irish people to the authority of the Catholic Church.

What explanation of these facts can the enemies of Ireland and the opponents of Catholicity make? They cannot deny them; neither can they ignore them. They are not accidental; nor can they be attributed to any temporary influences upon the people of Ireland. They have existed for fourteen hundred years, and they form the very warp and woof of the Irish character. They must be satisfactorily accounted for; and if Protestants and anti-Catholics are unable to account for their coexistence,

except in a way which is irreconcilable with their theories of civil or religious freedom, or of both, it proves that their theories will not stand the test of truth.

The explanation is a simple one; and, when stated, carries with it to an unbiassed, intelligent mind, the demonstration of its truth.

The resistance of the Irish people to an imposed foreign, civil domination, and their submission to the authority of the Catholic Church spring from one and the same source, and receive their strength from one and the same animating principle,—the love of freedom and the determination to be free.

This will become apparent when we consider the essential elements of true freedom. For our present purpose, we will sufficiently define them, by the statement that they are comprised in (1) submission, in the free exercise of the individual will, to lawful authority; and (2) in the refusal to submit, in the exercise of the same moral freedom, to unlawful authority.

Where either of these conditions is absent there is, and there can be, no real liberty.

The person, who, from whatever causes, from persuasion, the desire for wealth, influence, position, reputation or life, or the fear of their loss, acquiesces in and assents to unlawful authority, abnegates his freedom. No matter how unrestrained he may be physically, or what his external circumstances may be, no matter whether he is a peasant or a king, he is in fact and in truth a slave.

So, too, with him who refuses to submit to rightful authority. He is not a freeman nor entitled to the rights of a freeman, but a rebel and a criminal. And though no civil law may hold him amenable, no prison confine him, though he may be a monarch despotically ruling over scores of millions of subjects, enforcing his commands by the bayonets of hundreds of thousands of soldiers, he is, not the less, a criminal and a rebel, and not the less a slave himself though he may tyrannize over others.

This is simply an explication of the words of our divine Lord: The TRUTH shall make you *free*. "*If the truth make you free, you shall be free indeed.*" St. Paul, in the Mamertine prison, and St. Peter, when led away to be crucified, were free men. Nero, under whose orders they were put to death, though seated upon the throne of the mistress of the world, was a slave.

It was because neither of these essential conditions of liberty, both civil and religious, was understood, and, therefore, disregarded, that so little of real liberty was possessed by the ancient Greeks in the days of their famous republics. Their ruling idea was, that liberty consisted essentially in the exercise of the individual will, unrestrained by any authority outside of the individual himself. Hence law, as they regarded it, had no higher sanctions or source than the popular will; and as that will had nothing above it to restrain it, injustice and the grossest violation of inherent, inalienable personal rights were constantly perpetrated under the forms of law. Submission to law, though that law was the expression of the will of a majority, was therefore, frequently, not freedom but slavery. And the liberty of the Grecian republics was liberty in name, but in reality tyranny.

The similarity in principle between this false idea of liberty among the pagan Greeks and that of the communists and radical revolutionists of the present day is obvious. There is the same ignoring of any source of law, of any legitimate authority outside of the individual will, the same practical denial of right and wrong as objective facts—that is, as facts having

an actual existence of themselves and outside of the human will—the same denial of the existence of any higher principle, and any higher rule of action than the will of individuals aggregated together.

And unfortunately for the well-being of society and its moral and civil improvement, these are the ideas that seem to have taken deep root in the public mind, at the present time, in all European countries and in the United States. They are the ruling ideas of our popular leaders. The secular and the Protestant religious press are industriously engaged in their dissemination. It is true they do not generally advocate or defend their logical consequences. Most frequently they protest against and condemn those consequences as practically developed in the horrid crimes of the French Revolution of '89, and the equally horrid crimes of the French commune of our own time. But their protest is illogical and consequently unavailing. For, as long as they, with deplorable activity and efficiency, sow the evil seeds, the plants will spring up and produce their terrible fruit.

Now here comes in, by way of bright contrast, the character and action, as shown in their history for fourteen hundred years, of the spiritual children of St. Patrick, the Irish people.

With heroic determination, and an endurance of unspeakable and unexampled sacrifices and sufferings, they resisted foreign domination, the imposition and exercise of illegitimate authority. Their steadfastness, their gallantry, their constancy should secure to them the unqualified admiration of those who laud to the skies the ancient Greeks and Romans, the Swiss of mediæval times, the people of oppressed Poland, and in fact of all who are unbiassed by religious and political bigotry.

At the same time the people of Ireland have always been, and are now untainted with the spirit of social and political radicalism and individualism, which prevented the enjoyment of true freedom in the republics of classic pagan times, which ultimately brought about their downfall, and which to-day constitutes the greatest obstacle and the most potent enemy to true civil and religious liberty.

The people of Ireland bow willingly and cheerfully to rightful authority. They recognize the authority of Christ in his Church as exercised by the representative whom he himself constituted and appointed.

Hence, both in their religious and their civil relations, both in the Church and in the State, the spirit of true liberty lives in the children of St. Patrick. They are FREE MEN. And St. Patrick, who instilled into them the principles upon which all true liberty is based, is not only the object of veneration to those who recognize and honor sanctity and devotion and zeal and success as a missionary of the true faith, but he is also justly entitled to the epithet which we have prefixed to our hurriedly written article,—AN APOSTLE OF CIVIL LIBERTY.

THE SECRET OF THE KING.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE gracious monarch, Wenceslaus,
(Saint of the long ago,)
One winter night his footsteps bent
The ever Blessed Sacrament
To visit thro' the snow.

Absorbed in prayer, the holy king
Felt not the bitter blast,—
So keen, it forced the servitor
(Who with the lantern walked before)
To groan aloud at last.

"Art suffering?" "Yea, sire, my blood
Is freezing while I talk."
"So?" quoth the king; "then, if inclined,
Good knave, thou mayest fall behind,
And in our footprints walk."

And so they go: the royal head
Bent low; the strong arms crossed:
And following close upon his heels
The knave. Dear Lord! what warmth he feels!
Hath summer vanquished frost?

A breath as of celestial fire
From out the king escapes!
A perfume pure, an odorous heat,
A scent of sacrificial wheat,
Of blood of blessed grapes.

What tho' the woodland shrine be bleak,
And snow-drifts on its floor?
The wind may howl,—the knave doth sing,
He kneels, he walks behind the king,
He feels the cold no more!

O mystery divine! could we
But love like Wenceslaus,
Like Wenceslaus in our poor turn,
These frozen hearts of ours might burn
And melt in thy dear cause.

And such a fragrant glow, our faith
In thee might shed abroad,
That all who follow on our feet,
Might with us share Love's furnace-heat;
And, flushed with zeal, thro' snow and sleet,
Go with us glad to God!

THE O'DONNELLS OF INNISMORE, OR THE TWO MARYS.

Chapter XIV.

THE SUMMONS TO HARLEY STREET. THE CONFESSION.

It was a happy party which Herr Von Sulper beheld assemble on that evening following the day of the trial in the mansion of Mr. Mainwaring; and, perhaps, Von Sulper was the only person whose joy was tinged with sadness; he could not forget the cruelty of Mrs. Montague's desertion of her daughter, and when he looked at Maria, though a fervent thanksgiving escaped his lips for her all but miraculous escape, he could not but think with horror of the unhappy woman who had so deeply wronged her.

As to Maria herself, it was with difficulty she could meet her friends at dinner, to such a pitch of mental excitement had her mind been wrought up; first, by intense fear, lest sentence should be passed against her; secondly, by an overwhelming joy, at the sudden appearance of her father and Von Sulper; and then, by her acquittal and deliverance from the shameful position into which the wickedness of others had cast her.

The affectionate daughters of the good Squire, with Mary, never left her, and we may safely say, when she looked around on the faces of her kind friends, the dear old Flohrberg amongst them, that an excess of happiness followed the excess of misery into which she had been plunged.

The servants having withdrawn, conversation became more free, and Von Sulper found it hard to parry the remarks of the Squire, on the sudden illness of "that wicked woman," as he termed Mrs. Montague; he, however, succeeded, and then addressing Flohrberg, said,—

"You have not, I am sure, Mein Herr, betrayed my secret, but have left me, as I requested, the pleasure of divulging it myself." Then, turning to Maria, he said,

"You see, my dear child, I claim a greater interest in you than you can possibly imagine. As the young protegée of General O'Donnell, I felt interested in you, and would have hastened to London, to reclaim you from your perilous position; but, as your uncle, Maria, as the brother of the Frau Flohrberg, I claim a livelier interest still."

"My uncle!" ejaculated Maria, in astonishment, better conceived than described; but she saw the good Flohrberg smile; and yet but scarcely realizing the truth of what she heard, received, on her forehead, the affectionate salute of her new relative.

Inquiries poured thick and fast upon Von Sulper, not only from the ladies of the company, but even from the generally silent and taciturn barrister, who had so ably carried on Fraulein's case; and as our readers know already all that Von Sulper has to say, we shall leave him to tell his own story in his own fashion.

It was very late ere the happy party broke up, and would have been much later, but that Maria now showed symptoms of positive illness, so that she was enjoined late hours the following day, by all her kind friends, Von Sulper and Flohrberg telling her that they should not see her probably before the following evening.

Maria no longer had visions in disturbed dreams of courts of jus-

tice, prisons, and all the unutterable horrors which of late had been crowding so thickly upon her; her repose was calm and tranquil, and when she awoke, the morning being far advanced, it was to the unspeakable happiness and consciousness of perfect security, and to the joyful remembrance that the Herr Von Sulper was allied to her by the ties of kindred, and, also, that he had whispered in her ear, the previous night, a bit of intelligence, making known to her that she would never have to seek a strange home again, for that the good Von Sulper intended to devote part of his large fortune for the benefit of his sister's family.

Though much recruited by her night's rest, Maria had faithfully intended to carry out the injunctions of Mrs. Mainwaring, and devote this following day exclusively to rest both of mind and body. Such, however, was not to be the case.

A delicate and tempting breakfast was brought, by a maid, into Fraulein's chamber, on the tray; beside it, lay a letter, in the well-known writing of Mrs. Montague.

A deadly faintness crept over Maria's already weakened frame; all the horrors of the past rushed again before her mind, and her hand shook violently, as she opened the carefully sealed and dainty note, written on the perfumed paper the lady generally used. It was couched in the following words:

"Will the Fraulein Flohrberg grant a few moments' conversation to Mrs. Montague? In doing so she may rest assured that she will meet one who is deeply penitent and grieved for the injury she has inflicted, and who can know no rest till she has received the forgiveness of the injured Maria Flohrberg."

I can never meet this woman, was her first thought. But her surprise was great on reperusing this letter. She had never expected such an act, deeply as she had been injured at the hands of Mrs. Montague, and many were the tears she shed over it, for her affectionate heart could not long bear malice to a living thing. If the first thought was "I cannot see her," the next was, "I will go and be reconciled." She partook hastily of her breakfast; she could think but of one thing, and that was, to meet her, who had been her deadly foe, with the kiss of peace.

She dressed herself hurriedly, but before leaving the house, carried her letter to Mrs. Mainwaring and Margaret.

The two ladies perused it; then Mrs. Mainwaring looked at Maria's pale face, gravely shook her head, and said,—

"I question, were the gentlemen here, Maria, whether they would give you permission to approach that woman's house, so enraged are they all at the narrow escape you have met with, setting quite aside the public exposure and stain cast upon your name and character; were it not well to defer your journey, love, till my husband returns home, which will be shortly; or, till your father and uncle call, in the evening? Meanwhile you can write, and assure her of your forgiveness."

"I think I would like to go now," replied Maria. "Let me meet her half way. I know it has cost her much to make this advance."

"Go, love," said Mrs. Mainwaring; "and you will take God's blessing with you; but I am not quite sure, though I *know* you are right, whether our irascible gentlemen will hold me excused, for giving my consent, especially Herbert."

"Well, Maria," said Margaret, "I would never again see that wicked woman, who has worked you such deadly wrong, whatever was the consequence. *Forgive*, indeed! *I* wouldn't forgive her in a hurry."

"Ah, Margaret, Margaret, there *is* a great deal of hay and stubble in that otherwise fine character of yours."

"Ah, hush, dearest," said Maria, placing her finger on her lips; "there is this Gospel precept, you know, and it must be obeyed, though flesh and blood may rebel; so, adieu. In an hour I will be back again, and the gentlemen need not know I have seen Mrs. Montague, unless we like to tell them ourselves."

A few moments more, and Maria was on her way to Harley Street; and a very little later Mr. Mainwaring returned home.

"Has Maria left her room? I wish to see her," was the first question he asked his wife.

"She has had a letter from Mrs. Montague, begging her to come to Harley Street at once," rejoined his wife.

"She has not gone?" he replied. "I trust not. What will Von Sulper think of this?"

There was such an expression of alarm on the usually good-humored countenance of the Squire, that his wife gazed in blank astonishment. It was turned into horror, when Squire Mainwaring, approaching her said, "Wonder not at the pain I feel that Maria has gone to Harley Street; her bitterest foe has proved to be her own mother!"

* * * * *

With a trembling heart Maria knocked at the door of the house from which she had been so ignominiously expelled, and was met in the hall by Mrs. Somers; a smile of recognition, and a warm pressure of the hand, was all that passed between them, save that when her hand was on the chamber-door, she whispered the words, "She is very ill; *you* are very good to come here."

Everything seemed desolate and cheerless. No one was moving about, and Maria felt convinced that her former pupils, and their father, were absent from home. It was painful enough to Maria to come at all to this house, every step she took being marked by some painful recollection. The moment, however, had arrived, when again she must face the woman who had wellnigh been her destruction, and she approached the bed, the heavy draperies of which were closely drawn, with a trembling step.

Little prepared, however, was Fraulein for the startling change which had taken place. Mrs. Montague's eyes were closed in sleep, but the dark line beneath them, the haggard expression of the face, the convulsive twitching of the muscles around the mouth, all told a tale of terrible mental agony.

"Hark!" she murmurs in her sleep; and Mrs. Somers's benevolent countenance becomes distressed, as disjointed words ever and anon fall upon their ears, such as people utter in their delirium, and which are but too often not merely the expressions of a disordered fancy, but manifestations of the hopes and fears of their more rational moments. "Nay, it is not true," she says, "I cannot, will not believe it. Do not bid me see that man; he will destroy me with the tale he has to tell." But she turns in her uneasy slumbers; the eyes, so preternaturally glassy, open, and are fixed on the pale face beside her, already bending over her with a kind soothing expression; and Mrs. Somers, as if agreeably to instructions already received, leaves the room, and Maria is now alone with the woman, who, but one short day since, looked so pitilessly upon her, as she stood in that shameful dock.

She covered her face with her thin white hands, and Maria could see the big tears stealing through the long fingers, while convulsive sobs shook the bed whereon she lay.

This was a show of feeling for which Maria was ill prepared; it distressed her, and she exclaimed,

"Mrs. Montague, I am here, as you did request me; but do not, I beg you, give way like this. Ah, see, Maria Flohrberg forgets the past, as she does hope God will forgive her."

The thin hands were removed from the face as Fraulein thus spoke. The invalid strove to raise herself in the bed, and Maria passed her arm around the waist, and adjusted the pillows, thinking that all she desired was to rest more easily; but, as she supported the sufferer's form, and whilst the head reclined upon her shoulder, the face of poor Fraulein was drawn down to hers and a passionate kiss imprinted on her cheek.

Fraulein returned the embrace, and returned it with her whole heart, but she little dreamed the lips of a mother had pressed her own.

Then the hand was placed upon the heart, and she signed to Fraulein to bring her a restorative she had at hand; then motioned her to be seated, and said, or rather whispered, for the words came very slowly, and feebly too,

"Dear Maria, I was reared, like you, a Catholic, but, since I left the hills and dales of my mountain home, in Ireland, I have never submitted to that part of our church's rule which enjoins confession. You, Maria Flohrberg, must listen, first to the history of my life: I owe you reparation; then I will carry my burden to the feet of the minister of Christ, for my reconciliation must be entire."

Maria would have interrupted her, for she felt some strange avowal was about to come forth, though she dreamed not that it concerned herself, and she replied,

"Dear Mrs. Montague, do not distress yourself thus; to your husband, or your children, but not, oh, not to me, reveal the past."

"Yes, to you, and you alone," was the reply. "Now, listen carefully to all that I shall tell you. Thirty years since, when twenty summers had scarce passed over my head, I left my home in Ireland as companion to an English lady; my head was turned with foolish vanity; my beauty had been praised when in my Irish home, and I panted with desire to raise myself above the humble lot I held, as the daughter of a small Irish farmer, and be known and admired in the great world. Without a tear I bade farewell to the pastor who had instructed me; to the widowed mother, who had loved me, and borne with my many failings; and to the little sister, Ailey, whom I might never more behold. The lady with whom I travelled made the tour of Europe, and finally settled for many months in a village in Bavaria. There I met with the brother of the Herr Von Alstein, or Von Sulper, as he calls himself."

Here Maria started; had then Mrs. Montague known her uncle when in Germany?

"We married, and resided for some time in a little cottage, from which the Alps might be dimly seen in the distance."

Here a shudder crept over Maria's frame. What was the meaning of the vision that seemed to pass before her eyes? in which there was a dim recollection of gray mountains, clad with snow, rising one above the other; of another face than that of Ida Flohrberg; yet all grouped together in a shadowy, indistinct, vague manner, as if in some dream of the past; yet, along with the fancy, if such it was, ever, ever came the idea, that the features of Mrs. Montague had been seen before; and she then remembered the painful, unpleasant impression she received on the night of her first meeting.

"My union was an unhappy one;

my husband was violent in temper, and but little inclined to bear with the failings of the woman who had become his wife. I repented of the choice I had made; and even the birth of a child failed to knit closer the bond that subsisted between us. In an evil hour I exasperated him. He struck me, and the blow fell also on the innocent babe at my breast. I laid my child in the cradle, and vowed, that ere eight-and-forty hours should have passed, I would separate from him forever. Ere the sun had set, Fritz was taken alarmingly ill; his life was despaired of; he received the last rites of the church; called me to his side, and begged me to forgive him. I feigned a reconciliation, for in the interim since our quarrel, I had stolen away to the lady whose companion I had been. She was that night to return to England. Now, listen, Maria Flohrberg. I was to go with her; to break forever, before death should break them, the bonds that bound me to Von Alstein. He was better, but still in danger; yet, when night had cast its shadows over the purple mountains, I stole from his sick-room, raised my little girl from the cradle, kissed it again and again, then replaced my wailing child, and stole like a thief from my husband's home; and ere the noonday sun glistened on the mountain tops, I was far from my family, never, never to return. Arrived in England, I passed the next year in uncertainty as to the fate of my husband and my child. Then I heard that I was a widow, and that my child had been adopted by my husband's family. I steeled my heart against parental feeling; never betrayed the place of my abode; and, accepting the hand of my present husband, raised myself at once to opulence and wealth.

"Now, listen, Fraulein," continued Mrs. Montague, and her voice trembled as she spoke. "Fritz, my husband, and this Heinrich Von Alstein, were twin brothers, and strikingly alike; judge of my horror, when his still well-remembered features met me yesterday. I thought I had been misinformed, and that Fritz yet lived, to confront me in a court of justice, and then before my husband; then I was borne insensible from the court. But Fritz, indeed, is dead; Von Sulper, as he now is called, came to tell me this. But, oh! horror of horrors! Fraulein Maria, listen! The wailing babe, whom I deserted, lives, lives! Oh! just heavens, what a retribution! She lives in the person of her whom I have persecuted, of her whom I drove forth to infamy; in the person of *yourself, my daughter!*"

A mist passed before the eyes of Maria, a tremor seized her whole frame, scarce less inanimate than the insensible form she now stretched forth her arms to support; she reached a stimulant from the table, which she forced beneath the closed lips of her unhappy mother.

"Oh! fearful revelation! *This* my mother! Not the gentle Frau Flohrberg! Ah, dear Frau Flohrberg, ah, dear Frau; how deep a debt of love and gratitude do I then owe to you. *This* my mother! Her whom I have feared to see, when the governess of my own sisters. *This* my mother! Who has prosecuted me for theft. But yet nature will speak out. She *is* my mother, and my heart yearns for her embrace."

And so it was, that when those eyes reopened, once so cold to Maria, they met her own gazing on her with a look all of love and tenderness, and the head reclined on that gentle bosom, and the words, "My child, my child!" yet again, yet again, fall on her ear, as she embraces, once more, once more, that daughter found too late.

* * * * *

Before Maria had returned from her long visit the whole family had assembled, and, aware the secret could not be kept any longer, Herr Von Sulper, on finding the cause of Maria's absence, related, to the great wonderment of the whole family, the connection that subsisted between Maria and Mrs. Montague, and the previous history of the latter, from the time of her leaving her Irish home, till her arrival in Germany, mentioning all those circumstances with which the reader is acquainted.

"And will you tell me, Herr Von Sulper," said Mary, "will you tell me if Mrs. Montague's maiden name was Catherine Maguire? The name of Von Alstein, I am sure I have heard my mother mention, as that of a married sister, whose previous history singularly coincides with that of Mrs. Montague; but many years have elapsed, and the distance at which the sisters were apart, as also the misfortunes of my mother, I doubt not, would account for their never hearing from each other, especially as Mrs. Montague would appear to have never possessed any home affections. But, if this be the case, then she must be the sister I have heard my mother mention as possessing no longer the clue to her whereabouts; then she must be my aunt, and dear Maria, consequently my cousin."

"Her name certainly was Maguire, Mary," said Von Sulper, "and I wish I could congratulate you on having found a relation who could lay greater claim to your affection than this poor lady may hope to do."

At this moment Maria entered the room; one glance at her agitated countenance told her friends that she knew all. She spoke not, but advancing to Herr Flohrberg, threw her arms around his neck, and exclaimed, bursting into tears, "Oh my God, and you are not my father then!"

"No, my darling, but I have always loved you as if you were my own child," said poor old Flohrberg, kissing her forehead, and then wiping away the tears which filled her eyes; "and do you not see, Maria, that we brought you up as our own child, to save you the pain of knowing that which has been told you to-day?"

"I do, I do; God reward and bless you for it," said Maria, "but I do say, my uncle, I wish I could call you father still."

"And I have a claim on you, Maria," said Mary, stepping forwards. "Herr Von Sulper told me all that you have doubtless heard of Mrs. Montague's early history, and the name she bore before her marriage, and have discovered, beyond a doubt, that your newly found mother, is the same Catherine Maguire who left her home in Ireland, when my mother Ailey was but a child; and this truth admitted, then what are we but cousins?"

"Really, Maria, you are, after all, a very fortunate personage," said Squire Mainwaring; "here, in one week, you meet with a rich uncle, a mother, and a cousin. What will turn up next?"

"Some disaster, Mein Herr. I feel sad," said Maria; "do not scold me, Mary," she added, as the latter twined her arms around her waist, with gentle rebuke for what she termed her want of faith, "do not scold me, meine liebe, my heart is very heavy," and as she spoke, large tears coursed down her face. "I have found a mother, but remember *how;* if you could see her, you would also pity her. She is not like the proud lady I knew at Fairview. See, she gave me this," said Maria, drawing from her bosom a small miniature of her mother, set with diamonds, "and I do think," she added, looking tenderly at it, "I do think I shan't see her *own* face much longer."

An hysterical fit of weeping seized poor Maria as she finished speaking, and her friends saw that she was completely unnerved by the exciting scenes through which she had passed, but, to their infinite surprise, they found she was resolved to visit her mother again that evening, nor could anything they could say shake her determination.

"May I go with you, then, Maria?" said Mary, stepping forwards. "If you will let me come, I think your friends will feel easier, for any one may see that you are far too ill to go alone; and apart from this consideration, I would wish myself to see her once more before I leave England, and that no longer as a mere acquaintance, but as a relation."

Maria at once acceded to Mary's proposition, and the cousins, when the evening had fairly set in, went to pay their visit. The attachment these two young women had always felt for each other, was now strengthened by the similarity of their position with regard to their parents, though Mary certainly felt that there was a stigma on her name which Maria had escaped; and thus it was, that though her hand had been asked in marriage, by an Irish gentleman both of family and position, she had given a decided negative, resolved never to ally herself in marriage, knowing how marked with guilt had been the lives of those who gave her birth; thus it was that gentle, sensitive nature sought the retirement of the cloister, in preference to the busy scenes of the world.

On arriving at the house in Harley Street, they were agreeably surprised by hearing that Mrs. Montague was very much better. She slept, and our two Marys approached the bed with noiseless footsteps, fearful of disturbing her; then drew aside, Maria even refraining from pressing her lips on her mother's cheek, lest she should awaken her.

Mrs. Somers followed them from the room, and told them that she had telegraphed, during the afternoon, for Mr. Montague, to return on the morrow, in consequence of his wife's illness, but that she seemed now so much better she regretted having done so. "But," she added, "I cannot imagine what can have come over my mistress. You see, Fraulein, I have never known her to cross the threshold of either church or chapel since I knew her, and have seen her in far worse illnesses than this, yet never, for sure, did I know her struck with such a fit of piety. Here is Mr. Montague away from home, and what does my mistress do, but send off, this afternoon, for a Catholic priest."

Maria could not be prevailed upon to leave without again visiting Mrs. Montague's room, but finding her still asleep, she crept softly out of the chamber and hastened home with Mary, returning a silent thanksgiving that her poor mother had had the grace to look into herself, and had made her peace with God; and fain would she have remained with her the whole night, have watched beside her, and congratulated her on her return to God, but that she knew that Somers, terrified at her mistress's sudden illness, had telegraphed for Mr. Montague to return home, and she experienced a sort of aversion to meeting either him or her sisters till he had been previously informed by her mother that she had already visited her.

Maria, however, was astir early in the morning, and as soon as she had breakfasted, repaired, along with Mary, to Harley Street. They were met by Mrs. Somers, who told them that Mrs. Montague had passed a perfectly quiet night; that as early as eight in the morning, the priest, who had visited her on

the previous night, had brought her the Holy Eucharist; and that she had expressed a wish to rise early that day, feeling quite well enough to get up. Mrs. Somers also added, "I expect Mr. Montague every hour, and I find my mistress is looking eagerly for his coming."

Wishful, as we have already said, not to meet him till he had previously seen her mother, Maria, in company with Mary, immediately went to her room. Through the partially open curtains she beheld her mother, apparently in a peaceful sleep, and with a smile she put her finger to her lips, as if enjoining silence to her cousin. She then walked round to the other side of the bed, and leaned over to kiss her mother's forehead. But why that cry of horror from poor Maria? whose lips had already so gently touched that marble brow; *so* gently, lest she should awaken her. But, alas! hers is the sleep from which, in this world, there shall be no awakening. With a terrified gaze she regarded that rigid countenance; the already glazed and fixed eyes, the parted lips, told the fearful truth. And for a few moments Maria gazed in speechless horror on those poor remains, her tears falling heavily on the still warm hand which she held within her own. Still clasped in the other hand lay a prayer-book, open at a page in which was a "preparation for death," and this page, like the previous one, containing the psalm, "Have mercy on me, O God," was evidently blistered with tears, but shed a few moments since. Mary had rushed from the room to summon Mrs. Somers hither, for the first glance at Mrs. Montague had revealed the truth, and she was returning along with the housekeeper to the chamber of death, when a double knock at the hall door was heard, and immediately afterwards the voice of Mr. Montague, in the hall beneath.

Mrs. Somers at once hurried back, and Mary returned to Maria, who was kneeling beside the bed, the hand of the corpse clasped within her own. Absorbed in grief, she noticed not that Mary told her Mr. Montague was there, nor heeded anything that was taking place around her, till a heavy footstep was heard on the staircase, and the voice of Mr. Montague sounded in her ears.

Yet Maria rose not till he stood beside her, that dead hand still within her own; and then, after he, too, had pressed his lips on the marble brow, and had mastered the emotion which he felt sufficiently to speak, he greeted the daughter of his dead wife with affectionate warmth, saying:

"I little thought, Maria Von Alstein, that our meeting would be here, and under *such* circumstances as these; yet, am I rejoiced to find *you* by her side. Consider this house as your own; and, as the daughter of my wife, look on me as your father; yourself as the sister of my children; only too late, dear Maria, is your true position known and recognized, and that with deepest sorrow for the past."

Maria's heart was too full to speak, but she managed to stammer out a few words of grateful acknowledgment, and to press the hand of her step-father. Then she took up the book, pointed to the open page, and, in answer to George Montague's fervent "God be thanked," said:

"Mr. Montague, I do bless God so much, my poor mother did know me for her child before she died. The past seems only like some sad dream. To have known her only to lose her. And yet, to lose her, seeing how well she died," she added, pointing to the book, "ought to make me rejoice; and see how calm that face looks. One cannot think that she did not feel happy; she does look so peaceful."

It truly was as Maria said, such

a placid smile rested on the countenance of the corpse, one might surely believe, and hope, that the sincere repentance of the last two days, succeeding the mental agony she had experienced, had been followed by the most perfect peace; indeed, it were doubtful if death had not come with so gentle and stealthy a summons, that the soul might almost be said, in her case, as in many who die from disease of the heart, to have passed from time to eternity without a struggle.

The last sad duties were then performed by Maria, who steadily refused any assistance save that which Mary rendered her, after which she joined Mr. Montague in the drawing-room. It was arranged that the interment of the deceased lady should take place at Fairview, and that the body should be conveyed thither with as little delay as possible.

"And you, Maria, will accompany me thither," said Mr. Montague, "and Millicent and Alice will be there, unconscious yet of the light in which they will have to regard you."

"I would rather not come to Fairview yet," said Maria, bursting into tears; "many persons at Fairview must know of—of that robbery—and—and there will be some who will say of her what we should not like to hear. To see me will bring it all to their minds again. Am I not right?"

"Quite, quite right, my dear Maria," said Mr. Montague, instantly acknowledging and appreciating the motive which caused her to speak thus. "But you will allow me to hope, that a few weeks hence, you will come home, for you *must* consider Fairview as your home, Maria."

"I will indeed, I will, dear Mr. Montague," replied Maria, "when these sad events shall have died away, and my poor mother's death shall no more be talked of, then I will be sure to come home for some time before I go back to Germany with my uncle."

The next day was appointed for the removal of the body, and Maria determined on remaining at the house in Harley Street till this had taken place, passing, to the intense astonishment of Mr. Montague, many hours together, quite alone, in the death-chamber, engaged in prayer for the repose of her mother's soul.

It was with feelings of undisguised admiration that he regarded this young woman, whose life, in the few months that she had passed beneath his roof, and the exquisite misery of those that had succeeded them, had been so marked with trial. Truly, too, had Fraulein learned a lesson of the emptiness of worldly grandeur, as she knelt beside those poor remains. For ever, ever came to her mind, however much she might strive to repress it, the thought of the past, that past in which poverty had been borne with a spirit so rebellious that scarce any sin had been deemed too grievous could it but be cast aside. "Fairview, Fairview," she murmured to herself. "Alas! no; I could not go to Fairview till the sod has grown green upon her grave; till this heart of mine aches less heavily; till people forget all about that sad mistake of hers, and *her* neglect of me."

Thus gently did Fraulein try to think of her mother's grievous sin; and knelt and wept away the long, long hours, and prayed God, in His great mercy, to accept that sincere repentance, and receive that guilty but contrite soul into eternal rest.

The following morning the hearse arrived which was to convey the remains of the deceased lady to Manchester, and, dressed in the deepest mourning, Maria went into the room where the body lay, to take her last farewell, accompanied by Mary and Mr. Montague.

"Remember, Maria," he said, pressing her hand warmly within his own, as the carriage drove up which was to convey him to the station, "remember your promise; I shall expect to see you at Fairview before long."

Maria returned to her kind friends the Mainwarings, little dreaming how long a time was to elapse ere she was to visit Fairview, or return to her German home.

Chapter XV.

A WEDDING ON THE TAPIS. NO JOY WITHOUT A SORROW.

Fever, raging fever, laid Maria prostrate for many weeks. In her mad delirium she raved about the court, about her mother, and all the distressing scenes she had recently encountered. Nervous excitement raised to the highest pitch, had ended in a long and wellnigh fatal illness, so that winter came and passed away, and the young green things put forth their tender blossoms, and Maria yet remained with her friends the Mainwarings.

It is a balmy evening in spring, the night after the return of Mrs. Mainwaring to Dovercourt, and Maria is anxiously expecting the coming of her step-father and half-sisters, the former of whom she has not seen since her mother's death, the latter from the time of the robbery.

Maria, still a sort of an invalid, reclined on a couch, a book in her hand, but her thoughts far away; now they were fixed on Mary, the bride of the cloister, whose reception was very nigh at hand, then on herself, and the momentous monosyllable "yes," she had uttered a short half-hour since, when the barrister, who had so indefatigably labored in her service when she was the poor unknown Maria Flohrberg, had asked her to become his wife. And I wonder now what Herbert Mainwaring could see in that plain Maria, to make him wish to kneel with her before the altar at Dovercout? Ah, what, indeed? Why nothing; but that she had been very patient in her illness, and was also very unselfish and warm-hearted, in fact, without being an angel, was a good-hearted little body, who always strove to make exceedingly happy every one who came in her way.

Every one at Dovercourt, then, loved Maria, and so, when a little later, Mrs. Mainwaring came into the library, lighted up only by the soft rays of the setting sun, which lent a roseate glow to Maria's pale cheek, and the good lady took her place beside her, on the couch, she raised her blushing face to that of her friend, saying, "Do you know, Mrs. Mainwaring, that Herbert—"

"Wishes Maria Von Alstein to be his wife, and we shall be very happy to receive her as our daughter."

Maria spoke not, but pressed one of that good friend's hands to her heart, exclaiming,

"What can he have seen in me to lead him to make me the object of his choice?"

"Virtue, Maria; and may you, my daughter, for so from this day I consider you, long live, loving and beloved as the wife of the future master of Dovercourt."

At this moment the sound of carriage-wheels was heard advancing up the avenue, and Maria arose to meet her step-father and half-sisters.

George Montague met her with his old cordial frankness, and with a something of fatherly affection mingled therewith. Little Alice bounded forwards, calling Maria by the name of sister; but Millicent's greeting though affectionate was more constrained.

But while the three sisters are talking together, Mrs. Mainwaring draws George Montague into

one of the deep recesses of a bay window, and communicates to him the intelligence, that very soon Maria will become the bride of Herbert, and, consequently, that her future home will be in England, and that she hopes she will soon have recovered her health, and the union take place early in the summer.

And it was with no small pleasure that the worthy gentleman listened to the information imparted to him, and then approaching Maria, he said,

"I find bridal favors will be in request shortly, and must therefore exact a promise, before I leave Dovercourt; it is, Maria, that you will promise to be married from Fairview; I stand to you in the light of a father, and trust you will not deny my request."

"Ah," said Maria, affectionately pressing the hand of Mrs. Mainwaring, "have you then told papa my secret? With all my heart let it be from Fairview, then; and then Herbert and I mean to visit Innismore, for I fancy we shall be in time to witness the reception of dear Mary."

In consequence of the long illness of Fraulein and the necessarily protracted stay of Mrs. Mainwaring in London, both her uncles, Von Alstein and Flohrberg, had left England for Germany, and the Montagues had never returned from Fairview, Mr. Montague rightly conjecturing that the sad affair in which his deceased wife had so unjustly implicated her own daughter, would die away more quietly in the country than in the very place in which so much that was distressing had occurred. Thus, neither himself nor his daughters had seen Fraulein until this evening, she having returned to Dovercourt on the previous day.

The blow occasioned to his two daughters, by the sudden death of their mother, had been very great; the unamiable Millicent, whose disposition resembled, unfortunately, that of the late Mrs. Montague, shocking her father by expressing herself to the effect that she thought it a very sad thing Herr Von Alstein had ever presented himself at all, as it was mainly owing to her mother's recognition of him, that the fact of *who* Maria was became known to her, and consequently it was to the sudden shock this had occasioned that they owed the loss of their mother.

However, the young lady managed to hide her real feelings, though she could not disguise from Maria the fact, that the avowal of her birth had gained her no sisterly love in *that* quarter, and even contrived to appear well pleased when Mrs. Mainwaring hinted that she had thought that the four bridesmaids, on a certain occasion, had best be her two half-sisters and her own daughters, Bertha and Margaret.

Having, then, extorted a promise that Maria and her friends would drive over to Fairview on the following day, the worthy mill-owner took his leave.

Herbert accompanied the ladies thither, but he was distressed to find that Maria had done violence to herself in accepting the invitation. No sooner did the white walls of Fairview appear in sight, through the still scanty spring foliage of the trees, than she bethought her of the *first* night she had spent at Fairview; and then came rushing on her mind the remembrance of the reception she had met with the next day at the hands of her mother.

She sat for some moments absorbed in thought, when the voice of her friends disturbed the mournful reverie into which she had fallen, and then making a forcible effort to drive the past from her mind, she leaned from the carriage window, to answer, with somewhat like a

cheerful face, the recognition of Mr. Montague and Alice, who stood at the entrance of the hall to receive them.

"How changed do all things seem," thought Maria to herself, as she stood within the spacious vestibule, paved with marble, and gazed upon the noble stone staircase, with its balustrade of carved oak, and then upon her own form, enveloped, as it was, in expensive mourning, trimmed with the richest fur, for the weather was still variable and cold for one yet an invalid, and imagination pictured to her mind's eye herself clad in a plain and cheap merino, with, mayhap, that old-fashioned, unlucky shawl, which had excited the risibility of the crowded court; hurrying up that same staircase, or sitting in that dreaded study, teaching Alice, whilst in *some* things she felt that she wanted teaching herself.

Now, the master of the mansion was there to welcome the plain little German maid, and she addressed him as "father," and those of old, her pupils, especially Alice, claimed that sweet tie of affinity, a loving sisterhood; whilst the servants were respectful in their homage, every one ready to do her bidding. And yet, one familiar face was missed, one face so dreaded of yore; but yet, in those two latter days of her life, it had become so wondrously dear; dear by reason of her repentance and sorrow; dear because of her newly awakened love; dear, doubly dear, because it was the face of a mother.

Yet it ever must be, that with earthly joy there must be a taint of sorrow, and these memories of the past formed to Fraulein the perchance needful alloy in the happy future that now seemed spread before her, for verily we should dread that that happiness will not be lasting which is not without some bitterness to remind us that it is of the earth, earthly!

Chapter XVII.

conclusion.

The moon was just rising over the range of mountains skirting the valley in which the Castle of Innismore was situated, as Herbert Mainwaring and his wife, just two years after the events recorded in the last chapter, arrived at the stately edifice. The scenery was grandly romantic and wild in the extreme; not a sound to be heard, save the rushing of a distant waterfall, the cawing of the rooks, and the bark of the watch-dog. The evening air was laden with the perfume of many flowers, and the subdued light of a lamp issuing from the library window, and lights, also, in that of the principal sitting-room, with the passing and repassing of many figures, told them that the household of Innismore were expecting their coming.

They were received with true Irish hospitality by the kind-hearted owners of Innismore, to whom Herbert was already well known, and whose wife was doubly welcome on account of her relationship to Mary, the loss of whom Mrs. O'Donnell still deplored, as she would that of a beloved daughter.

Innismore and its romantic environs were not well known to Maria, and, aware that the profession of Mary was appointed to take place the next day but one, and that then they were immediately to return to England, she rose early the following morning, whilst yet the grass was gemmed with the dews of a lovely September, to explore the immediate locality around the Castle, even before the hour appointed for breakfast. The bright rays of the sun shone on the gray walls of the Castle, the more ancient parts of the building being thickly overgrown with ivy; the pathway was overshadowed by the thick foliage of the trees, still

arrayed in their summer garniture; innumerable wild flowers carpeted the ground beneath her feet, inducing her, at every step, to pause to gather them, and the music of a waterfall made itself heard, as it leaped down the glen, foaming and bubbling and forcing its way around the rocks, till it was soon lost to the sight.

Most unwillingly did Maria turn her steps homewards, on hearing the peaceful quiet of the scene disturbed by the breakfast bell, calling the inmates of the Castle together, and, with her usually pale face flushed with a glow of healthful exercise, she presented herself to her hospitable entertainers.

Nearly the whole of that day was spent in exploring the country round about, and, wearied with her day's ramble, through glens and valleys, with the heatherclad mountains around and above her, she passed a night of sound and refreshing slumber.

Early the next morning their host and hostess, with Herbert Mainwaring and Maria, set out on their visit to the Convent, in which Mary was about to make her final vows. And after some three hours' pleasant drive, through a richly wooded country, they arrived at the humble house which she had chosen for her future home.

It was a long, low, irregular building, this Convent of Carmelite Nuns; the jasmine and honeysuckle covered with their creeping tendrils its white walls, and the birds sang merrily in the ivy which had grown so luxuriantly over the more ancient part of the building, which had been much added to in latter years. The rippling of the waters of a distant cascade made a sweet melody amidst the otherwise unbroken quiet of a place which seemed formed for prayer and meditation, for the scenery was picturesque in the extreme, hill and dale, and wood and water, each lending their own peculiar charm to the beauty of the landscape.

This sweet and retired spot the sisters of the Order of Mount Carmel had chosen for their resting place, and if almost perfect silence amid the beauties of nature are aids to meditation, as they undoubtedly are, then had they chosen wisely.

It was a most austere order which Mary had selected, and many were the prophecies of her friends that she would become ill before the period of her Noviciate expired; it was, therefore, with much surprise, that Maria beheld her, with her really sweet face glowing with a brighter color than it had ever worn at Dovercourt, or amidst the mountains of Innismore.

Was she happy? Oh, yes; that contented countenance, and the joy with which she prepared for *her* espousals, told that beyond a doubt. But hark! the chapel bell admonishes them that the hour draws nigh, when Mary shall pronounce those awful vows which death alone shall break; and Maria and her husband enter the little Gothic chapel, already well filled by the gentry of the surrounding neighborhood.

It is a solemn sight to stand within a crowded church and hear those awful vows pronounced by two human beings, swearing love and fealty to each other, till death shall part them. Aye, and how lightly do they often utter those vows. But, if this be the case, how doubly impressive and awful, then, are those vows made by her, who in the solitude of the cloister, takes the Lord of heaven and earth for her portion and inheritance, and binds herself irrevocably to his service by vows *never*, never to be dissolved.

Such were the thoughts of Maria, as she awaited, with her friends, the arrival of the moment in which

Mary would take the Veil, her Profession not being made in public.

But, hark! slowly on the summer air floats the deep tone of a bell; it tolls as for one whose worldly course is ended; it sounds as the knell of a departing spirit, and Maria knows that the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience have been pronounced, and that at this moment the newly Professed lies prostrate, on the black cloth of serge, in the centre of the choir; she hears, too, the voices of the sisterhood, singing, in glad jubilation, the Te Deum, and yet, ever, ever tolls the bell, announcing that Mary of Innismore has nought to do with this world, to which she is now dead, and the world to her; that she lives, henceforth, only as Sister Clare, the humble daughter of Mount Carmel, whose future life must be passed in the practice of the severest mortification and austerity, for great silence, penitential exercises, and prayer, constitute the basis of the order, its object being the conversion of sinners.

It cost Maria and Mrs. O'Donnell much pain to bid farewell to the young Nun, whom they had both loved so well when in the world, especially the former, who felt that on account of the distance that would separate them, it was not likely that their meetings would be otherwise than few and very far between.

Sister Clare had, indeed, anticipated death, the great dissolver of all earthly ties. But who shall say that her choice was not well and wisely made? Yet it was with a sharp pang of sorrow that Maria Mainwaring gave one long and last embrace to the fair recluse of Mount Carmel's hallowed shade, whilst the lady of Innismore shed many bitter tears, as she pressed to her motherly bosom the gentle being whom she had snatched from destruction, and reared for God, in the person of one of our "Two Marys."

As to those who have figured in our pages, we have but to say, that the worthy cotton merchant of Fairview still lives surrounded by a grateful people. He is one of those whose name is held in honor and respect in the great commercial town in which he lives; his saddest moments being those in which he thinks of the wife whose timely remorse, at her past errors, earned for her a premature grave. The happiest he can ever know, are those which he spends with Herbert and his step-daughter, when he, on each recurring season, visits the metropolis. Alice, too, is the ever-loved sister, but Millicent has still the old proud feeling clinging to her, and can scarce yet forgive Maria for being so closely connected with herself. The Mainwarings, too, yet reside at Dovercourt; the good old Squire, the beloved landlord of all the tenantry on his estate, his wife and daughters, the latter still unmarried, idolized by the poor for miles around.

Herr Von Alstein leaves to Maria one-fourth of his large property, besides a large sum on her marriage day; the remainder, he says, will be equally divided amongst the children of Madame Flohrberg; and Maria did, indeed, find it hard to realize the truth, that she must henceforth look on the latter only as her aunt; the force of early habit often prompting her to pronounce the long-accustomed name of mother.

We need hardly add that the liberality of the bachelor uncle, who now resided with the Flohrbergs, effectually banished poverty from their dwelling.

Maria, of course, paid a visit to the good General and his amiable wife, whose honest Irish hearts exulted in her happiness, though we question if she received a

warmer welcome than when they knew her only as the poor Maria Flohrberg.

We have now but to bid you farewell, dear reader. In the few lines with which we have prefaced our little work, we have mentioned that Mary of Innismore is no fictitious character, her painful story being founded on fact, and as we have led you through the fairy realms of fiction, whilst telling you of the sorrows and misadventures of our other Mary, we trust we have not wearied you; rather may we hope to have beguiled you of perchance a weary hour, so that well content you shall have borne with us to the end; and should the more youthful reader peruse our pages, may we hope that here and there some good thought, clothed though it be in our own homely language, may have been expressed, and anon laid up in the heart, so that the bright gift of the imagination shall not have been used in vain; the moral of our tale being indeed an humble attempt to exemplify the stern truth, that even on this earth, and most certainly beyond the grave, virtue is sure to meet with its reward; aye, even if our path here be decreed by an all-wise God to be strewn with thorns, yet, a clear conscience, and a good life, shall not fail to award us a due meed of happiness, and, hereafter, an unfading crown of glory.

May we then hope, gentle reader, that our tale of the "Two Marys" shall not fail to find grace and favor at your hands.

THE END.

UNITY A CHARACTERISTIC OF THE DIVINE INSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH.

That Christ has revealed a doctrine to the belief and practice of which he has annexed salvation, whilst its rejection involves eternal death, is a truth to which all must subscribe who sincerely profess the Christian religion. He is the good shepherd, and the flock that will not hear his voice, will fall into the hands of the hireling, and will be led to drink of poisonous waters. He is the door by which admission is given to the one fold. He is the vine on whose stock the branches must be ingrafted in order to retain the vigorous principle of life. The plainest truth expressed in the Gospel is the necessity for each person to be a member of the Church—which we must hear under the penalty of being esteemed as the heathen and publican. "He that believeth not shall be condemned." Christ having established a society to which the fruits of his sufferings are confined, in his unbounded zeal for the salvation of the human race, he must have marked that society with characters which could not mislead the most simple inquirer after truth. As all have been invited by our Redeemer into the bosom of his fold, the poor with the rich, the illiterate with the educated, the door must be marked with signs which none can mistake. The creed of Christianity professed throughout all ages since the redemption of man, mentions four great marks by which the true Church is distinguished, viz., Unity, Sanctity, Catholicity, and Apostolicity.

The union which must connect the members of the Christian Church is described by the Saviour

and his Apostles in the most striking terms. The faithful are compared to a flock inclosed within the same fold, obedient to the same pastor. In the tenth chapter of St. John the Lord says: "*He that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep, to whom the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he hath led out his own sheep, he goeth before them; and the sheep follow him because they know his voice. But the stranger they follow not, but fly from him, because they know not the voice of strangers. I am the door*" (continues our Redeemer); "*if any one enter in by me he shall be saved; and he shall go in and go out, and shall find pastures.*"

This unity formed the subject of our Redeemer's prayer. In the 17th chapter of St. John he begged his Father that his flock might be one, in these words: "*I pray that all may be one, as thou Father in me and I in thee: that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou hast given me I have given to them, that they may be one, as we also are one. I in them and thou in me; that they be made perfect in one; and the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast also loved me.*"

To exemplify the closeness of the union by which Christians are linked together St. Paul reminds them that there is but one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all. (Ephesians 4.) That this is not a mere nominal, but a real union, is shown by the Apostle when he likens it to the sympathy of the members of the human body connected with a common head: "*For as the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of the body, whereas they are many, yet are one body; so also is Christ. For in one spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free, and in one spirit we have all been made to drink; for the body also is not one member, but many.*" (1 Corinthians 12.)

So particular was the Apostle of the Gentiles on this point, that writing to the Romans (chapter 16) he says: "*Now I beseech you, brethren, to mark them who make dissensions and offences contrary to the doctrine which you have learned, and avoid them.*" Nay, he was so well convinced of the essential unity of the Church as it came from Christ, and as it must continue to the end of time, that he tells the Galatians (chapter 1: 8), "*That if any one, even in the appearance of an angel, were to come, and teach them a doctrine different from what they had received from him, they must look upon him as accursed.*" In his Epistle to the Ephesians, 2d chapter, he delineates the system of unity: "*Now therefore you are no more strangers and foreigners; but you are fellow-citizens with the saints, and domestics of God, built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building being framed together, groweth up into an holy temple in the Lord.*" Hence the Apostle exhorts the Corinthians (1st Ephesians, 1st chapter), "*Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you all speak the same thing, and there be no schisms among you; but that you be perfect in the same mind, and in the same judgment.*" And he most expressly condemns such an absurdity as a Christianity of various denominations; for to all who are inclined to say, "*I am of Paul, and I am of Apollo, and I of Cephas—he puts the question, 'Is Christ divided?'*"

To point out the important mark of unity as existing solely and ex-

clusively in the Catholic Church, scarcely requires more than a proposition to that effect, and which carries with it a self-evident demonstration. All reference to Scripture and the unanimous teaching of ages terminates in the conclusion that the mark does essentially exist, and now we have but to notice the matter of fact, that it is in the institution known as the Holy Catholic Church. Immediately arise before us the faith professed, the doctrine taught, the sacraments used, the pastors guiding, and the flock obeying, all coexistent and compact, binding together in one communion all the members of that vast body spread throughout the universe. For this purpose it complies with the command of Scripture, "*Remembers the days of old and thinks upon every generation*," each member applying to himself the words of Moses, "*Ask thy father, and he will declare to thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee.*" The method of instruction uniformly adopted by the Catholic Church may be expressed in the language of the Prophet: "*Stand ye on the ways; see and ask for the old paths, which is the good way, and walk ye in it.*" The Church warns her children "*not to pass the boundaries which their fathers have set*," and hence the uniformity of its faith throughout the innovating vicissitudes of time.

Though spread over a variety of countries which are dissociated by climate and language, its creed is everywhere the same; so that the words of Irenæus are now as applicable as in the second century: "*Nor is there a different doctrine taught in Gaul and Germany; because the force of tradition is everywhere the same, and because the distant churches are held together by the influence of a common centre of attraction.*" Now, as in the days of Augustine, Catholics are held together by the visible chain of succession in the chair of Peter; and the last link of that chain is as visibly connected in the person of Pius with the immovable rock on which the Saviour built his Church, as in the person of Innocent or Celestine in the fifth century. In fact our Creeds, our Catechisms and professions of faith are given to the inspection of an entire world, and they teach the revelations of heaven without one shade of difference. The admirer of our dogma, or the reviler of our system, has the same truth to praise, or the same fault to find, if, starting from this city, he takes the circuit of the globe to view our religion like the orb of day, expanding with one continual light over every region, sometimes frowned on by princes or encouraged by governments, encircling professors who (compared to the members of sects) are numerous, like the fiery seed sparkling upon the azure fields above, or the sand upon the wide-spread shore—they may be different in every respect of language, customs, manners, and interests, but are ONE in faith. Yes, here, in this city, he will hear a murmur of the complaint made in the time of Pliny, Tacitus, and Celsus, that the Catholic religion is spreading and insinuating itself into every place. He lands in England, and whilst the same outcry is raised, he finds it coming forth, as it did from the catacombs of Rome, to meet more liberal sentiments, with the very same character which ever drew upon it the frown of bigotry. When he walks the vine-clad fields of France, roams through the classic fields of Italy, or steers beneath the frowning battlements that cast their Gothic shadows across the waters of the Rhine and Danube, the same Catechism which he brought from Philadelphia, introduces him by an identity of faith to the religion which alone of all other things remains unchanged

on the European continent. And if he be unable to pass from the sunny Apennines to the snows of Russia, or from the spot where the round towers of Ireland raise their mysterious bulk, unto the region where the crescent-shining minaret indicates the moon stricken credulity of the Moslem votary, he may on any Sunday in the year stand at the altar of the Roman Cathedral, and there he will find the Russian, Briton, Swede, Dalmatian—the generous Irish and chivalrous Pole—all professing the same creed with the American Catholic, who may guess at everything except his faith. "Going down to the sea in ships," and borne along by the wings of the wind, he may track the billows of the deep till the full rising of the cross-shaped constellation of the South directs his course to the tribes and climes of the distant East. There, landing at Cape Comorin, without being able to speak the Malialum of the Canarese, the Telogoo of the Gentoos, the Tamil of the Malabar, or Hindustanee of the Rajapoot, he will be recognized by the sign of the cross, and find one Lord, having members branching from the same body, one faith, one baptism, opening the avenue for the same sacraments. And if the mention of the Carnatic brings to mind many an important event in my life, when I too traversed the arid plains of Coromandel and climbed the towering Ghauts, I may be permitted to offer my own personal testimony. For there, whilst the humble Pariah knelt at my confessional, and the high-caste Brahmin elevated the great sacrifice, foretold by Malachy, within the Cathedral of Madras and at the ancient Meliapore, this unity of Faith made me the legitimate pastor and brought around me a flock composed of those who were lineally descended from the converts made by the Apostle Thomas, and their faith was the same that you profess.

Whilst an inquirer would thus journey, he might find the Englishman, as if at home, on a Sunday within a Catholic church on the glowing banks of the Amazon, or the American equally contented with his faith where the Cape of tempests marks the most southern point of Africa. And there is a fact now worthy of particular attention when we remark this unity; it is this: whilst our creed wreathes with peaceful incense the domes of Paris, Vienna, Rome, Algiers, Calcutta, and Baltimore, the very same faith pours out the blood of martyrs upon the soil of China, and there at the present moment it is equally productive as in the days of Tertullian, when the blood of martyrs became the seed of Christians.

All these Catholics are found to follow the advice of St. Paul to the Corinthians: "*All speak the same thing; there are no divisions among them; they are perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment*" (1 Cor. 1). Whatever may be the motive of difference in other respects, faith gives a union, not merely in a few articles, which some might be inclined to call fundamental, but upon every article which the Church proposes in her profession of faith. And with this advantage, that the most ignorant are on a level with the brightest genius, believing whatsoever Christ commanded to be taught, and receiving it from the source which he pointed out when he said, "*He that will not hear the Church, let him be as the heathen and the publican.*" We are each of us (says Tertullian) what all are, and all what each.

Besides a unity in our creed, we have it in the participation of the same sacraments, and in obedience to the same form of Church government. The sacraments are the consoling associates of our faith; everywhere the number is seven, and for each whatever is

deemed essential here, is equally revered by every Catholic, who invariably esteems them not only as his consolation, but as the holy chain uniting the family of Christ. And can unity be more distinct than in the oblation made in awful mystery upon that altar, which, however it may be insulted, presents itself for adoration to the entire Christian world, and is the only object that ever verified the prophecy of Malachi when his lips closed upon the last voice of ancient prophecy with the announcement, that in every place there should be a sacrifice and a clean oblation offered to the Lord of hosts.

This mark in the Catholic Church is not less distinct in the essential quality of due government, characterizing by respect and submission the pastors and people. Thus we have the reality of what St. Paul describes, namely, "*Many members, but one body.*" The Catholic in every corner of the globe acknowledges one head, the vicar of Jesus Christ, and the successor of St. Peter, invested not only with a supremacy of honor, but a supremacy of jurisdiction over the body of the Church. Here is at once a great point of unity, concentrating all the branches of government, and here is the only representation of the apostolic ministry, having one to whom was committed the pastoral care of lambs and sheep. All who love subordination, all who praise the harmony of order, must admire the unity which binds power and affection in happy agreement in any government; and where is it so remarkable as in the supremacy of the Roman pontiff, who, by the consent of millions, awes the spirit of wild independence to submission, and the love of innovation to silence?

This unity, thus pervading and bestowing life and form on the Catholic Church, is nothing new; it has been the noble mark of its existence in every age. Yes, consult the writings of the fathers of the primitive times—trace the histories and monuments of ages—examine the councils and liturgies and other attestations of a public faith—and each revolving century will present what we now believe. You will find age linked to age in the same manner that we now find member united to member, and all reposing on the one great rock of faith. Yes, and this is acknowledged by those who are opposed to us. Whom do we mean when we speak of the fathers? Let Cave, an eminent Protestant, answer: "*They are* (says he) *witnesses, who deliver to us with fidelity what was in every age done and believed.*" Now with these witnesses we hold communion of faith according to Protestant testimonies. Luther, finding that they differed from him, left them to us in thousands. "*Heaven well knows* (cried he) *that I care not if a thousand Augustines, a thousand Cyprians, or a thousand other such, were against me.*" The Centuriators of Magdeburg styled our religion "*a compound of all the errors of the fathers.*" "*So long* (says Priestley) *as any regard was paid to the fathers, and arguments were allowed to be fetched from them, the advantage could not but lie on the side of popery. Nor did the Reformers get clear of this difficulty and embarrassment till Chillingworth loudly declared that the Bible only contained the religion of Protestants.*" This is a valuable piece of information, though they were, as Cave and many others inform us, *faithful witnesses*, they were put out of the way as difficulties and embarrassments. However, this rejection is a proof of our point, for whilst our enemies abandon the fathers, the good and wise and faithful witnesses yielded to our communion, proclaim the unity of the Church in every age.

SONGS OF THE REVOLUTION AND OF OTHER EVENTS.

Somebody has said, "Permit me to write the songs of a nation, and let who will make its laws." Of course there is much extravagance in such an opinion; but a great truth lies at its base, a truth which is recognized and acted on when great occasions call for the use of extraordinary means to promote a desirable end.

Songs have been the approved mode of exciting to great actions, and the means employed to express gratitude or sorrow for the results. It is not necessary to quote from ancient records to prove the efficacy as well as the frequency of the resort to songs. The Scriptures abound in instances, from the triumphant song of Deborah to the solemn statement under the new dispensation, that when they had sung a hymn, they went forth. "Et hymno dicto exierunt." (Matthew.)

The enthusiasm of moderns has been raised to the highest pitch by the use of songs that appealed to a love of country or a love of party. England recognized her great debt to Dibdin, who wrote the naval songs of the nation, and secured comfort to the writer by a pension earned by admirable appeals to the experience, affection, and courage of the seamen. And amid all the flood of "French translation and Italian song," it is probable that some of the songs of Dibdin will be revived when a consideration of the benefit of music shall lead to neglect of Rosini and Bellini. The presidential campaigns in this country have roused the lyric muse more generally than any other consideration, and the earnest contest between the partisans of Mr. Van Buren and General Harrison, candidates of opposing parties for the Presidency, was productive of a greater outpouring of song than any circumstance that had called the political feelings of the people into earnest exercise.

It would be out of place here to copy any of these contributions to campaign success, because as yet the wounds inflicted in that great contest have not entirely healed. But certainly the genius of the people proved to be equal to the demand, and if the songs of one side were little more to the taste of the people and perhaps a little more effective, it is probably due to the fact that the successful party had adopted watchwords and signs that gave superior piquancy to their songs. Railroad cars, steamboats, private gatherings, and public meetings, were enlivened by campaign songs, and it was said at the time that in religious meetings more than one mistake was made by adopting an electioneering tune, and neglecting to adapt thereto the devotional words suggested for singing. Many presidential elections have occurred since, but none of them were so productive of songs as that of 1840.

The war of the rebellion naturally provoked song-writing and song-singing. It is difficult to find the songs of the South, as they were used in the Confederate army, but we "who outlived that time and came safely off," can recall some excellent lyric poetry, some excellent according to rules, some excellent by its effect. The tents of the Union soldiers often resounded with the well-sung Union songs, and the hospitals were cheered by verse.

We do not now recall the names

of the authors of these camp and hospital songs. We do know that Mr. Boker, of Philadelphia, wrote stirring verses, which must have been encouraging to the army; and if ever a rule of "constructive rank" should be adopted, we are not sure but Mr. Boker would be ranked with the generals.

But the "songs of the Revolution" are often inquired for, and it is possible that collections of them have been made, though we do not know where they could be found. We know not indeed of a single song that was sung in the American camp to stir up patriotism in the army, or was repeated at home firesides to draw young men to the glory of public service, and rouse the women to the full exercise of their peculiar powers. They must be somewhere. Nearly eighty years ago the writer of this article was bribed to keep off the ice and tarry at home, with repetitions of some of the songs of the Revolution, as the reporter had heard them sung in the times that tried men's souls—tried them by the war, not by the songs. Most of those pieces were subsequently committed to paper as far as remembered, with a view to future use. They were laid aside, and on the occasion of "cleaning up," the old sibyl who presided found the bundle admirably adapted to the purpose of kindling a fire under her wash-kettle. She was not as careful of the lot as was her elder sister of Cumæ. But the poetry of the Revolution, as we recall an occasional unconnected verse, had in it something that suited the times—something that met the feelings and judgment of the people, and was therefore popular. It certainly lacked some of the sentimentality of modern song, but it referred directly to facts and pointed to results.

There was one song of considerable length; it must have been written some time after the commencement of hostilities. It commenced in this manner:

"As Old England was dying and making her last moan,
She spoke these last words with a deep sigh and groan,
Saying, 'Cursed be ambition and hypocrisy,
Adieu to this *world*, for 'tis all vanity.
In taking of New Spain it was nothing but play,
For then I was in company with North America.'"

The song thus referred to the capture of St. Eustatia, which resulted rather to the pecuniary profit of the captors than to the honor of the British nation. The refrain is as follows:

"It was at St. Eustatia, my shame for to tell.
She'd nothing to defend her, and I knew it very well."

The historical fact embodied in these lines was enforced by the narrator by calling attention to a small looking-glass on the wall, which was a part of the *opima spolia* of that unfortunate conquest.

The closing verse of this song, which verse, by the way, was not reached very soon, as it was a part of the poet's plan to enumerate most of the then recorded actions of Great Britain to show how they conduced to her disgrace, and if by chance there was any honor acquired, it was always by the assistance of "North America." The closing verse was a *da capo* strain, and set forth the end of Great Britain as follows:

"As Old England was dying and making her last moan,
She spake these last words with a deep sigh and groan,
Saying, 'Cursed be ambition, hypocrisy and pride!'
She spake these last words, and immediately she died!"

There are those who listened to these verses more than seventy years ago, who now recall the effect upon their minds of frequent iteration of assertion that Old England was dying at the time of the war with these Colonies, and they recall with equal distinctness the wonder which they felt at finding "Old England" still reckoned among the nations of the earth, even though, as they believed, still moribund.

There was a song made upon the occasion of General Barton's expedition to Long Island, in the revolutionary war, and the capture of the British General Prescott while he was abed. The fact is of course familiar to all readers of American history. The revolutionary poet thus notices the fact:

"Go to your King and to him say,
'Call home your troops, call them away,
Lest Prescott's fate they share;'
For Barton with his sling and stone,
Has slew poor great Goliath down,
And caught him in a snare."

Some of the poets of that time seemed to deal with the political side of the question, and they were not sparing in force of language nor strength of simile. We scarcely recall a stanza of poetry more forceful in thought, imagery, and description, than one which was the initial verse of a song setting forth the proceedings of the council that advised war with the American Colonies. Here it is:

"The Stygian god, great Beelzebub,
With Bute and North, her favorite club,
In Pandemonium met;
There they with all the infernal host,
Which heaven and liberty had lost,
Foamed with invidious sweat."

The remainder of that song, if it was in the same style, must have startled the people. It could scarcely have increased in vigor as it proceeded. We recall the general spirit of the other verses without being able to recollect the words. It is certain, however, that there was not in its whole composition anything to lessen the effect of the persons and place of "the club." And it seems now as if the poet attempted to improve upon his initial idea of Beelzebub and Pandemonium, by augmenting the horror which such a council in such a place caused to the singer's and hearer's mind.

All these songs may now be in print and cobwebs, but we hear nothing of them; and on inquiry lately among the people of the place in which we learned the parts of those given here, no one had ever heard of them, and it was intimated that not much good could find a home in a mind that was stored with such rubbish. As to the particular instance the good people may have been right; but those songs had powerful influences in their time; they beguiled the idle hours of the camp; they were heard at the close of dinners which had been even dryer than the song, and were heard at the wash-tub and the cradle, and became the hymnology of the times. Nay more, that particular song, "The Stygian God," was sung to a tune that either possessed the musical notes or signs, or provoked an exercise of the human voice that would have been acknowledged by the best of musical critics to have been suited to the ideas and words of the author. In modern singing we lose much of the *force* of such poetry by the ideas of musical *convenance*. In those days male vocalization was understood as something effective. Our own recollection of it is that it was always startling, often tremendous. Goldsmith, in describing a village dance, says that parties distinguished themselves by

"Holding out to tire each other down."

And the "sister art" of singing found its way and maintained its importance rather by strength of lungs than sweetness of cadence.

It may be remarked that while the educated ear is freely lent to "Casta Diva," and productions of that kind, the multitude is always taken with a song that touches upon some topic of immediate import. The present generation cannot remember the immense popularity of Paine's song called "Adams and Liberty," as that acquired its popularity by referring to John Adams, when he was President of the United States. The tune was excellent, and though

old it had not been worn out. Key's song of the Star-Spangled Banner had perhaps a more extensive popularity; there were more to sing it, and the time in which it was written insured its approval. It had the same tune as had Adams and Liberty. We remember the rise and decline of both songs. Probably we shall seldom listen to words more fitly expressed by music.

Something of the appreciation of the power of song may be gathered from the fact, that in the darkest periods of the late civil war in this country, portions of the "Star-Spangled Banner," words and tune, were sung in many of the Protestant churches of this city and neighborhood in the midst or at the close of Sunday service.

While we are sure that great benefits may be derived from patriotic songs, we are equally sure that any great event will call them forth. We may not have many men who, like Roger de l'Isle, can in one night write the words and compose the music of a "Marseilles Hymn." But something of the power of a national song may be comprehended by a recollection of what the Marseilles has wrought, and we shall, when circumstances require it, have not only national lyrics, but we shall have songs and tunes suited to the requirements of the times, and the ears of the millions who are to hear, and the voices of the thousands who are to sing.

TRIFLES.

Nothing so small that God has made
But has its destined end;
All in their turn His purpose serve—
All to His glory tend.

The grain of dust, to sight unseen,
With myriads may combine
To form a bulwark to the sea,
Its limits to confine.

The little drop of pearly dew
Which in the blue-bell lies,
May in the sun's bright beams appear
A rainbow in the skies;

Or else the trackless ocean main,
With others, form the share,
On which the ship, when homeward bound,
Some loving heart shall bear.

And thus the humblest of us all
God's instruments may prove,
To bless and shed o'er fallen men
The bounty of His love!

"FOUND WANTING."

Mrs. Delville, who was a queen of society, sat meditating, a state not usual with her. In the meditation she grew, first angry, then bewildered, and finally reduced mentally to a complete standstill. Mrs. Delville was a queen of society in right of her beauty (which was admirably preserved), her wealth (of which Mr. Delville was the one inconvenient appurtenance), and her establishment (which was irreproachably stylish). That into this stylish establishment should creep an element *not* stylish, *not* part and parcel of Mrs. Delville's realm, *not* after society's heart, that it should stay there in spite of her, that it should live, and move, and have its being in the atmosphere of style, formed the subject of her meditation, while "what is there left for one to do in such a horrible dilemma?" formed the title of her puzzle, and caused her standstill.

Appropriately to the presence of mental blank in which she now sat helpless, arrived one of her "set," heralded by a card, on which was engraved in old English letters, "Mrs. J. W. Lester," which meant to Mrs. Delville's mind—stamped there in another sort of letters—"that rival queen, whom I hate most, and fear most; whom I court most, and caress most." And for any apparent inconsistency in the rendering of the definition, the reader must only remember that great minds are unfathomable in their ways.

After the first salutations, which were all affectionate in their general aspect, Mrs. Lester said, "My dear, you look worried;" and the tone was indicative of the deepest sympathy.

As Mrs. Delville held a lace handkerchief to her eyes, and murmured, "Yes, dear, worried to death!" it was strange that the eyes of the sympathizer beamed on the sight rather joyfully than otherwise, but that might have been merely the result of the natural brilliancy for which they were celebrated.

"And what is it now? your reception dress behind time?" Mixed with the anxiety of this tone was a *tremolo* of hope. That reception dress was to be a mark for the envy of many besides the speaker.

"Ah! no; I would like to see Madame de Mille disappoint *me!* I suppose you have heard the story of Mr. Delville's ward."

"Well, yes—partly."

"Now what would you do, my dear? This girl has inherited Mr. Alton's large property under the guardianship of Mr. Delville. He insists on bringing her here, and in fact has brought her here. I object."

"Why I should think, dear," was the softly modulated reply, "that she would be company for you. How old is she?"

"Eighteen, and"—the royal voice rising like a graduated scale of fury, "*not* company for me, brought up with no ideas of society, positively none! Has not a vestige of a notion of how to dress herself; never saw an opera; never was inside of a theatre; does not know what any kind of a fashionable gathering is. I doubt if she could be trusted to make so simple a thing as a morning-call alone!"

"But, my dear," said the listener, in the tone of sorrow and sympathy that, femininely used, can successfully conceal a little exultation, "who so fit to correct all this in her as yourself? Who so perfect in all 'found wanting' in

her? Is — she — at all — pretty, now?" There could scarcely have been malice in so simple a question, and yet Mrs. Lester's brilliant eyes certainly looked daggers as she propounded it.

The answer came sharp and decided.

"No, not at all! just one remove from being remarkably ugly. Immense colorless eyes; low forehead; figure with no style at all; wears number three shoes, and number seven kids; and as for her hair, why it's all her own!" Here Mrs. Delville, for the first time, laughed, and the laugh was mockery.

"Well, well, we know how these people invariably look whose hair is all their own! That settles her appearance in my mind. And Mr. Delville *will* have her to live with you, poor dear?"

"Yes; I never knew him to be so bent on anything! He generally gives me my way. Tell me now, what is one to do?"

"Well, it's hard to tell. When one's husband does, by any chance, get in one's way, he is a real stumbling-block. Mine is so immersed in business, he never meddles at home."

"I suppose so!" Could it be a breath of venom that came softly into the polite voice? "But you know, my dear, Mr. Delville is beyond that long ago. There is no necessity for him to think of business at all now."

"Ah! well," was the gentle acknowledgment of this thrust, "poor Mr. Delville had so hard a time struggling with poverty in his youth, he certainly deserves rest at this age! But about your dilemma, my dear. As the girl is so badly brought up, couldn't you make that a reason for sending her away to a fashionable school, where she could be made somewhat presentable?"

"Bless you, that is another phase of the case! There could be no excuse for sending her to school. She's quite learned—one of your people who studied everything—knows several languages, is *au fait* at mathematics, can draw and paint, plays the piano and harp, is a regular bookworm!"

"One would think that all these accomplishments would help to make her more fit for society."

"But, my dear, they are nothing, positively nothing, without style and manner; she utterly lacks both. I cannot think of bringing her out, and what am I to do?"

A smile, not altogether mournful, flitted over the face of the visitor.

"I see but one way out of the dilemma, dear. Marry her off as soon as possible. Her money will get her a husband, were she as ugly as sin, and as awkward as a ploughman. I must go—but first, have you seen White's new importation of opera-hats?"

Which being concluded satisfactorily, and with much advantage in the way of reciprocal information to both on the prevailing and about-to-prevail fashions, Mrs. Lester betook herself to her carriage, wherein comfortably bestowed, she formed the following estimate of "Mr. Delville's ward:"

"Beautiful, to a certainty, therefore, likely to be a rival; well-educated, by her own admission, therefore possessed of power to succeed; young, unmarried, and wealthy, therefore almost certain of victory. No wonder she's frantic!"

And over this estimate she did not weep.

Mrs. Delville, pending the arrival of some other caller, soliloquized thus:

"Spiteful creature! I ought not to have told her anything. Well, at least, I did not tell her the most important point for envenomed gossip such as hers, and that is, Mr. Delville loved her mother before he married me, and *I hate her!*"

To whom entered Mr. Delville, with the extremely inappropriate remark,

"Well, Nettie, my dear, I want to speak to you about Agnes. How do you like her now?" Agnes being the name of his wife's present dilemma.

The question was aggravating enough, but the manner of asking it created a climax of aggravation. For Mr. Delville was one of those middle-aged gentlemen, who, with rosy visage, and snowy beard and hair, and form rotund, without being bloated, are the embodiment of the jolly and comfortable in human nature. Added to this, he *was* jolly and comfortable, quite as much so as his looks indicated. And all that there could possibly be of jollity and comfort, he threw into this question, by voice, and smile, and gesture; which, of course, was added gall to the excited and nettled recipient of it. We must not, therefore, be surprised at the amount of gall in the reply.

"Like her? *Like?*" She turned her back to him and began arranging notes and cards.

Mr. Delville winked, and tapped himself on the forehead, and gave the smile which jolly men always give in the recesses of their sleeves to unreasonable women in "tantrums." Then he thus addressed Mrs. Delville's back.

"My dear, if you don't like her, you know, it needn't be a source of any uneasiness whatever to you that she's in the house. I wouldn't on any account bother myself over it, if I was you. *Don't* you like her?"

"There was no necessity for you to ask, but since you must have the answer, *I don't!* And might I now inquire on what principle can I be so very philosophical as not to mind her continual presence in my house?"

"Oh! that's easily explained, my dear! You are so—well—so completely taken up with society, you know, you can manage to see her so seldom, you'll forget she's here all the time. The house is big enough to hold you both, and lots of room to keep you from running against each other too."

"How I do hate that vulgar style of expression, Mr. Delville! And you know it! And you know, besides, that it would be impossible for me to see her so seldom as you say!"

Mr. Delville still addressed her back, with entirely undisturbed jollity; in fact, in a manner so beaming, that if seen it might have dissipated any cloud less black than the anger of a jealous and unreasonable woman.

"My dear," he proceeded to say, in perfect good faith, "if you only see her as often as you see me, for instance, why it can be all square and fair about her."

"Mr. Delville!" This approached a screech, but he continued unwarned, and entirely unarmed.

"Why, yes, Nettie, it's easily done! I'm sure you don't see me any oftener than if I naturally belonged to some place, say fifty miles away! And I ain't fashionable, and we don't give each other any extra bother."

Now she turned round livid with rage, and the words of reply actually gurgled in her throat.

"This is the beginning, eh? You taunt me that I am not a model wife, forsooth! Perhaps you wish to keep this *relic of the past* in the house, as a double reminder to me of my monotonous duty; to yourself, of what 'might have been!'"

The expression of the jolly face changed, not to reciprocal anger, but pity almost divine; not to astonishment, but unfeigned and manly grief. And the man, tender and true, and great in both qualities, asserted himself thoroughly, as he stepped forward and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Come, my dear;" the tone was such as a father might use to a wilful child, "there must be no such talk as that betwixt you and me, you know! When I married you, thinking, my dear, most truly, that I could make your life better and happier by the change, I told you honestly that I loved Agnes Woodburn in the time that's gone, as I could never love any one again. But, nevertheless, that needn't nor didn't prevent me from offering you the love of a good husband, which I resolved to be and have tried to be. And it was a shock to me to find soon, my dear, that home was not in your line, for, you see, it was so altogether in mine. And to see further, that fashion was all your thought, and your ways weren't my ways. But after the shock came the thought that I shouldn't have tempted you by my wealth into marrying me, who might be your father. So I resolved, 'Let her have her ways, such as they are; let me bear all the punishment in our married life, and let her have her joys.' And I think, my dear, I have kept the resolution. Answer, have I?"

At first she had been impatiently tapping the floor with her slipper, but by degrees she stopped, and averted her face from him, so that now, if any feeling dwelt there, he could not see it. And her sole reply in words was, "But now you wish to show the world I am not mistress in my own house!"

"Stop, my dear, let us finish up the past before we talk of now or to-morrow. Answer my question—have I kept that resolution?"

"Oh yes—well enough."

A shadow of pain flitted over his face. It was not a refined face, for Mark Delville was a self-made man, who had worked his way from one of the very "lowest depths," but it was replete with the finest and most chivalric feeling as he said:

"Not so well, perhaps, as I supposed, my dear, but surely well enough to ask now the first favor *your husband* has ever requested from your hands. Let Agnes Norman remain in my care, in my own house. You'll never be sorry, my dear."

If the averted face had held any feeling, it was all driven away as she turned it towards him, eager, selfish, obtuse as to his generosity and patience.

"Will you fit up the left wing for her use?"

"Yes."

"Will she have a separate carriage and horses?"

"Yes."

"Keep her, then, till she or you grow tired of it. Now tell me what is your particular reason for all this fuss about her."

"It can't be of much consequence to you, Nettie, but you're welcome to it, as I'd scorn to deceive you about anything. When I loved Agnes Woodburn I was very poor, in fact, when I first saw her I was only a newsboy, and she was a little school-girl passing along the street, with her golden hair floating to the wind, and her face beaming, it seemed to me, like an angel's. I was shivering and hungry, and had been kicked about and beaten, till the world seemed to me a life worse than death. Just as she passed, a bigger boy, a brute by nature, knocked me down, and all my papers were scattered in the mud. As I picked myself up, my face bleeding, and my miserable little heart giving out its woful rage in tears, I heard the first kind tone ever addressed to me say, 'Oh! little boy, I'm *so* sorry!' Nettie, them words were stamped on my heart forever, and so was the picture of her face, so innocent and kind, and full of the pity that I now believe angels give to men. Then she said, 'I'm very sorry! and maybe you might be whipped at home 'cause your papers is all spoil-

ed, and I'll save you from that anyhow, for here's a quarter I had to spend and I didn't, and now I'm glad.' Then she passed on. This seems all very simple to you, my dear, I have no doubt, but of a little vagabond it made me *a man*. I worked my way upward, hoping to reach her; I watched her as she grew; I hoped to be fit for her. But that was all in vain. My little love became a highly educated, refined, and beautiful woman, the heiress of a wealthy uncle who had adopted her and brought her up. She never could love me, although I worked my way into her circle, and strove to make myself acceptable to her. Ah! Nettie, she married a worthless fellow who sought her for her money, and then broke her heart! She disobeyed her uncle by the act, and was disinherited. Her husband, after a short career of dissipation, died, and she earned a living for herself and her one child by teaching. This child is Agnes Norman, the uncle Mr. Alton. He got sorry too late to save the mother, for a year before she had died in poverty, but he bequeathed his money to the daughter on condition that she should reside under my care till married, or otherwise settled, with the hope that I would, for her mother's sake, guard her from her mother's fate.

"Now, my dear, that's a sacred duty, you know, but if there was anything really disturbing to your happiness in it, I'd consider it my business to fix it some other way, as a man's first duty is to his wife always. But there ain't anything disturbing, and it's all in the imagination, as I trust you will find out before long, and I hope then you'll not be found wanting in the justice to say so. Now this has all flustered you a little, so I'll go, and you can get a chance to make it right in your mind by thinking over it."

Then the gentle and brave and manly presence betook itself from the room, and that which remained said to its selfish self:

"Pleasant to hear one's husband was a newsboy, and cried in the gutter, and fell in love with an angel! And sentimental the episode about working his way to this will-o'-the-wisp! I know what Mrs. Lester meant about him requiring rest now. And romantic about the old man insisting on his guardianship for the mother's sake! Well! no use vexing over it! I had to give way, or how *could* I ever ask him in a few days for that diamond *parure?* And as I have all these cards to see to, and my hair to get dressed for the evening, I cannot neglect them for this, so I'll dismiss it from my thoughts."

Which was effectually done for the time being.

II.

Agnes Norman, in personal appearance, neither answered to the description of Mrs. Delville nor Mrs. Lester. She was neither "one remove from being ugly," nor yet decidedly "beautiful," that is, in the society acceptation of the word. Her face was fair and womanly for one so young, and indisputably refined, yet it was a face which required to be lit by the radiance of some inward feeling, noble or tender, as the case might be, in order to deserve the verdict of beautiful. It struck the observer skilled in reading the countenance as one eminently capable of holding such expression, but to the careless or prejudiced observer this passed unheeded. The wealth of brown hair just breathed upon by the gold, that was very decidedly "all her own," was drawn softly into one large coil, which crowned a head too massive for perfect beauty, but indicative of no ordinary amount of brain. Her eyes were large and full of the soul of a woman who could smile and weep,

hope and despair, enjoy life heartily and bear its sorrows, love and be beloved, but who could never trifle with any of what made up the best part of that life allotted to woman. So that, in these eyes, the color went for nothing, so far as any beauty was concerned; the expression for all. They were a very common shade of hazel. She was of the ordinary height, rather slender than otherwise, and dressed with a quaint sort of plainness not unbecoming to one of her peculiar character and appearance, but utterly devoid of that which is called "style" amongst the women of the world.

Now this girl was sufficiently young and sufficiently untouched by life's bitterness to sit dreaming, with hands folded in idleness, and eyes fixed on a cloud in the summer sky, during the actual moments when the "fuss" above recorded took place in the Delville establishment. The summer sky was very beautiful to her, and so was her future, and her dream owned the witchery of youth, which nothing can ever equal in later life. It began: "God is very good. God *is very good!*" Then a pause, and the eyes were glorious, and the face was transformed. It went on: "My life was so dark after he took mamma, I thought it could never be real life again. And now I have found a new one, such a beautiful new one! No; it is not the wealth, though I know I can enjoy that too, but the dear and kind and desolate old man, in the midst of all this grandeur! How lonely he must have been, how lost! Why poor mamma and I, in our two rooms, had a cosier home! I will make him happy, and it will be a fitting return for his devotion to her, and his truth to her, even in her grave. I have been poor enough to learn the art of creating a home, which I see the rich cannot do. And then when I practice my quiet art, maybe his beautiful wife will be tempted to stay sometimes and help to make things bright. How lovely she is, how exquisite are her manners, though so cold; and how perfectly she dresses! How happy she could make him too, if she only knew! Well, I have something to fill my life now, and I will be in earnest. Many and many a time mamma taught me, that in the life of every woman comes some noble mission, and that she does not need to seek it, but simply work it out when God sends it. Now this shall be mine, till"—here the exultant face was covered, and through the white fingers peeped out modestly an apparently uncalled-for blush.

While things were in this state, Mr. Delville appeared upon the scene.

"Well, my child," he said cheerily, "not fretting so soon, I hope!"

The hands were taken kindly down from her face, and he looked rather anxiously into eyes that met his at first shyly, then gladly.

"No, Mr. Delville! I am happier than I can tell you!"

"Glad to hear it, child. Any plans yet?"

"Hundreds, dear Mr. Delville, all tending to one."

"And that?"

"To make you happy, to fill up your life with the quiet pleasures of home, that I see you love so well!"

He turned aside for a moment, he was an extraordinarily long time wiping his face—but it was warm weather—and then he said, with sudden huskiness of the voice:

"Why, God bless my soul, child, you're—you're—one in a thousand! You're decidedly your mother's daughter! *you* shan't be thrown away!"

"*I do not intend to allow myself to be*," said the girl, with quiet decision not usual to her years. "My mother brought me up to

know that every woman, by nature and privilege, has some saving and noble mission appointed for her life, and those who steadfastly keep that in sight *cannot* be thrown away!" Now she was beautiful, and her voice was thrilling.

"True, child—you are safe; belong to any church?"

"Certainly, Mr. Delville, I am a Catholic. Did you not know my mother was one for years before she died, and that it was owing to this she bore up so well under her sad troubles?"

"I never knew it. I might have known you were a church-member of some kind though from your ways. I'm careless myself, dear, but I admire religion in others." Then he laughed; he had a certain sense of humor in his composition. "Very kind of me, isn't it?"

So had she in hers.

"Very; pray admire it so much as to secure some for private contemplation."

"Ah! my child! it takes a good deal to make a man religious!" he sighed.

"Simply the grace of God," she said quietly.

"But that is not easily got, child."

"By prayer alone," she replied, in the same quiet tone.

He was evidently touched; he looked at her wistfully.

"Yes, Mr. Delville," she went on, returning the look with one holding the might and glory of truth, "and prayer answered from above, transforms the soul, and fills human life with holiness and power, arms it against earth's worst assaults, and leads it to heaven!"

While she spoke, he drew within his own mind a contrast, the purport whereof the reader may guess, and she—she created a climax to her innocent and unworldly dream.

"I will strive to bring this good heart to the truth."

Then the good heart gushed forth in the words: "My child, God keep you untouched by the usual dreams of women. God preserve you from the snares of wealth! Your presence in my house is a blessing."

III.

About five years later one auspicious night, the Delville mansion was brilliantly illuminated; was decorated with evergreens and exotics; was flinging wide its doors to bevies of "fair women and brave men;" was filled with sounds of music and sights of beauty. Society was talking a great deal about the wedding, in fact had been talking for weeks. Many were the fables of the bride's trousseau, presents, self, &c., but far more ingeniously multiplied than these were the stories of the bridegroom, who had appeared suddenly and unheralded, and carried off the heiress, under the eyes of society's very choicest wife-seekers! To get at the truth, therefore, was not a very easy matter, but such is the aim of the present chronicler of an incomplete sketch of a rarely complete life. So, dear reader, let us enter the blazing mansion, and in a room removed from hurry or noise, listen to three, who tell each other the tale.

Says the first, Mr. Delville, rosier than ever, with hair and beard whiter than ever, but, though not less jolly in aspect, owning a certain dignity of mien acquired since last we saw him:

"My dear Frank, you take away with you the light of our home. God bless you in the possession! Sir, five years ago, I was a wretch without religion, drifting on in an aimless life unworthy of a man, my home without comfort, my heart desolate. She came, and without any fuss, sir, without any flourish of trumpets about it, transformed my home, transformed my life, made a Christian out of me, sir, saved my soul! God bless her."

Then says the second, Mrs. Delville, with face seamed and scarred, but far more beautiful than in the past, because a woman's awakened soul shines forth from her eyes, and on her brow sits truth:

"And from me, Frank, you take my good angel. For she came and found me a contemptible creature, with petty feelings and mean aims, a wife that forgot all the holiest duties for fashion and folly. I treated her shamefully, heaping indignities upon her, and striving to force her from my house by petty persecution. She strove against all to win me to the right, but I held out and kept on in my despicable course. Then she prayed to God to send something into my life, by which her lofty end would be attained. He granted her prayer. I was attacked with the most loathsome form of small-pox, and when the whole of my beloved world fled from me, when servants and friends left me, she remained by my sick-bed, and nursed me with the tenderness and patience of a saint. I arose from that bed, converted to *her* view of a woman's mission. My home is Paradise, my dear husband happy, our wealth devoted to the good of others, and when we are dead and gone, the beautiful church of St. Agnes shall be a monument of our belief in the Catholic faith! Dear Frank, we have kept these stories for wedding-gifts. God bless you in them."

Then the third, whom these two call Frank, the bridegroom, a young man with clear, open brow and honest eye, stoops reverently over her hand and kissed it. And says he, in a voice that trembles with emotion even the most manly heart need never blush to betray:

"And I, my friends, take away my guiding-star of life, for before she came to you, I lay upon a sick-bed, threatened with total blindness, and rebellious against the God who visited me so. I was poor and friendless in the house of those poorer than myself. In her gentle charity, she came to visit them, and help their needs. They brought her to the bed where I suffered almost blaspheming. She only spoke a few words of pity and faith, but they made me feel that God saw while I was blind, and that I need not throw away a life even if blind for all time. They reminded me of my manhood, and roused it. On that sick-bed I made resolutions which I afterwards put into practice. Contrary to all hope, my sight was preserved, and I then became a man in reality as well as in name. Her mission to my life has been of heaven itself, and now I take her love as God's own gift. May he make me worthy of it!"

Then she of whom they have been speaking, enters, conducted by her bridesmaids, the radiant, white-robed bride. Her brow shines with the light of truth; her eyes are softly veiled in the beautiful modesty of a woman's soul standing in the presence of its beloved. That soul has been stamped more plainly on the blooming face with the touch of time than when first it came to make bright the household, and the stamp has brought new beauty there. Purity and truth and love are the gems she brings as wedding-gifts to him, whose lot in life is now to be her own.

"Agnes!" The fruition of a life's aspirations is breathing in the voice that greets her, and the bridegroom takes her by the hand. Together they kneel before those who are as parents to them, and Mr. Delville says, through undisguised showers of tears, "God bless you, my children."

"And," adds his wife softly, "in all the ways of the world of mistaken women, may our Agnes ever be *found wanting!*"

Which the writer prays for young hearts reading this!

ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

I.

LAVATER! I have read thy book once more,
And still admire thy soul so pure and kind;
But, in thy studies of this mortal rind
Thro' which the spirit peeps, thou dost ignore
Two factors which cannot be well left out,
In summing such a weighty argument.
Adam and Eve from Paradise were sent:
And we, their sinful children, roam about
Still bearing in our bodies marks of guilt
Which is not ours—and marks of merit too;
And Grace is ever ready more to do
(Thro' that dear Blood that has for us been spilt)
Than Eden's pride undid. So, *Grace*, you see,
And *Adam's Fall*—kill Physiognomy!

II.

Far from its margin shrunk I've seen a lake,
Its waters turbid and its once smooth breast
By paltry tempests ruffled and opprest,
And none would visit it their thirst to slake;
While round its winding shore the blossomed trees
Sent forth their perfume, and the feathered choir
Filled all the air with songs that never tire,
And flowers op'ed their bosoms to the bees.
So, beautiful lady! from that form of thine,
To which all smiles were poor and strained,
Where roses paint 'mong lilies rosy-veined,
Thro' which a heavenly spirit well might shine,—
The soul from this fair boundary has receded
And for thy love no heart sincere has pleaded.

III.

No type of beauty which the Arts admire
Will claim one feature of thy gentle face;
What charm is thine then, lady, or what grace
That old and young to gain thy smile aspire
And think it priceless? From thy faded cheek
The rose has fled, thy forehead is not fair,
Nor rich nor golden is thy modest hair,
And symmetry in thee in vain we seek.
What is it, but the pitying soul arisen
Superior to her earthly house's plan?
And gained from that defaced and fragile prison,
And from its doom, thro' love, a sweet exemption?
Thy homely visage proves the fall of man:
And thy angelic temper—his redemption!

CHRISTIAN WORK IN THE "BARREN PENINSULA."

Among the numerous Catholic missions of the North American continent, those of California possess a special character of their own. Most of the others were directed to the simple conversion of the Indians; but in California the missioners had the additional task of forming them into organized communities and providing for their government, apart from intercourse with other civilized men than themselves and their assistants. The Jesuits and Franciscans, who planted Christianity and civilization together in those distant lands, discharged the duties of legislators as well as of religious teachers, and in both characters they showed on that limited field how much the Church can do for even the lowest members of the human family when her action is unimpeded by the malice of nominal Christians. The reductions of California, like those of Paraguay, were the cradle of a Christian nation which owed its very existence, as such, to the untiring efforts of its teachers, and in which the Indians shared in the benefits of civilization without the corruption of its vices. The Franciscan missions of New California have formed the subject of a recent article, and in the following pages we shall briefly sketch the story of the equally or still more remarkable reductions of the Mexican peninsula. To do justice to their claims on history would require a space far beyond that at our command; but a short sketch of their origin and founders may be found worthy of perusal.

From the earliest period of the Spanish dominion in Mexico the settlement of California had attracted the attention of the Court of Madrid. Cortes himself visited the gulf which separates it from the main continent, and the sight of this other land, beyond the waters of the great ocean, filled his active spirit with projects of conquest and colonization, which were inherited by subsequent Viceroys. The pearl fisheries of the gulf, which yielded a considerable profit to the fishing barks of Sinaloa, offered a more substantial reason for the settlement of California, which was repeatedly attempted by private adventurers, but always in vain. Expedition after expedition was directed to its shores during more than a hundred and fifty years, but the barrenness of the soil, the want of harbors, and the intractable barbarism of the natives, baffled alike the ambition of the Viceroys and the greed of individuals. Finally, in 1679, after the failure of a costly expedition under the command of the Admiral Otondo, the Spanish Government not only discontinued its own attempts, but forbade its subjects to engage in any such on their private account,—thus abandoning the land and its people to their native barbarism.

But though earthly ambition and avarice had thus given up the task, there were men in Mexico who, for nobler motives, aspired to plant civilization in the barren peninsula. Its sterile soil and harborless coasts might hold out no temptations to the settler or merchant, but its natives had souls to be won over to the faith of Christ, and there were in the Catholic Church men ready to devote their lives to that object. Father Kuhn, a German Jesuit, and a veteran of the Indian missions, had accompanied Otondo's expedition as chaplain, and on his return he earnestly petitioned his superiors for license to devote himself to

the conversion of the Californians. His prayer was not granted. The Indians of the northern frontier had just broken out in a general war against the Spaniards, and his presence was imperatively needed by the threated missions of Sonora. But though thus employed, Kuhn did not forget California, and he communicated his enthusiasm for its conversion to his friend and colleague, Father Salvatierra. The latter devoted himself with his whole soul to the task of obtaining a mission for the peninsula, and after more than ten years his efforts were crowned with success. The General of the order empowered him to undertake the mission; and the royal decree against attempts to settle California was, after much trouble, repealed in his favor in 1697. The Viceroy, however, required that provision should be made by private charity for the support of the new missions and the pay of the escort which was required for their protection by the rule of the frontiers. An annual revenue of five hundred dollars was fixed as the sum needed for the maintenance of a mission at that distance. And by the efforts of Father Salvatierra, three such burses were founded by private charity. The money contributed for this purpose was subsequently invested in lands, and under the title the "Pious Fund" (*fondo piadoso*) it continued to be devoted to the service of the missions, in both Old and New California, down to our own days.

The pecuniary difficulty being thus removed, the viceregal court granted the required license to Father Salvatierra and Father Kuhn. The latter, being unable to leave his mission in Sonora, was afterwards replaced by the Sicilian Father Piccolo; but as some time was lost in waiting his arrival at the Yaqui River, where the vessel lent to the mission by the treasurer of Acapulco was anchored, Father Salvatierra sailed without him, and arrived at the site of the present town of Loretto in October, 1697. Besides the crew of the vessel, he was accompanied by six soldiers as an escort, who were to be paid by the mission, though occupying the country for the crown. This little troop was a motley band in point of nationality. The captain, as the officer in command was rather pompously styled, considering the numbers of his company, was a Spaniard; the lieutenant a Portuguese, and the other four respectively a Mexican creole, a Maltese sailor, a Sicilian artilleryman, and a mulatto of Peru. Three Mexican Indians also accompanied the expedition, to attend to the cattle and the labors of cultivation, as Salvatierra designed to instruct the Californians in the arts of a settled life by this means.

The coast of the Californian gulf offers little choice of ports to the mariner; but a small patch of stunted shrubbery and a spring of fresh water, both rare luxuries in that inhospitable country, determined the site of the first mission. Some Indians came to the shore to meet the strangers, and showed no signs of hostility; but the want of an interpreter prevented any satisfactory intercourse being established with them. A tent chapel was set up, and a cross erected immediately in front of it. The soldiers next erected huts for their own and Father Salvatierra's quarters, and then threw up a wall of earth for the protection of the stores. Possession was then solemnly taken of the land in the name of the King of Spain, while Father Salvatierra, with still greater solemnity, consecrated it and its people to his special patron, our Lady of Loretto, whose name he gave to the new establishment.

These preliminary works having been completed, the vessel which had transported the little colony from Yaqui was sent back for

Father Piccolo, and Salvatierra devoted himself earnestly to acquiring the language of his future neophytes. The only introduction to their tongue that he possessed was a catechism composed some years before by Father Copart. To insure the regular attendance of the Indians, a distribution of food was daily made at the fort to such as were present at the lectures, if such they may be called, given from this book, and the indefatigable missioner eagerly noted down their pronunciation of the words which he endeavored to repeat before them. The children were specially useful to him in this respect, as the adults took a malicious pleasure in leading him astray and mocking his bad pronunciation. As might be expected, words expressing the mysteries of Christianity were not found in the dialects of the savages; and many and ingenious were the expedients which the first missioners had to devise to explain them. On one occasion, in order to find a word expressive of the resurrection from the dead, a Jesuit soaked some flies in water and let them revive in the sun, calling at the same time the attention of the Indians to the phenomenon. The exclamation of the savages was noted down, and, after a due comparison with the rest of the vocabulary, was introduced into the catechism.

The good feeling of the Indians towards the strangers did not last long. The food distributed at the fort only excited their desires for more, and a few days after the departure of the vessel, a sudden attack was made on the fort. The soldiers, after a short fight, drove them off, and with the fickleness of genuine savages, the assailants turned their fury on the instigators of the attack. The latter, in turn attacked, took refuge with the Spaniards, by whom they were generously allowed to take up their abode beside the fort, and furnished with provisions until the anger of their countrymen passed over. The whole population soon resumed its visits to the fort, and Father Salvatierra took advantage of the restoration of peace to administer the first baptism of his mission. The new Christian was an Indian who had been instructed by Father Kuhn, during Otondo's expedition, and who, on hearing of the arrival of the strangers, came from a considerable distance to ask the favor of baptism. He succeeded in making known his wishes by the help of a few words of Spanish, and as he was dying of a cancer, and showed a fair knowledge of the principal Christian mysteries, Father Salvatierra resolved to baptize him without delay. His son and two other infants received the sacrament at the same time, and were the first fruits of the Californian mission.

Father Piccolo, in the course of a few weeks, joined his colleague in Loretto, where a regular order of instructions was now adopted both for the soldiers and the natives. The native children each day were collected inside the fort, to hear the catechism and prayers repeated by Father Piccolo, while the same office was performed for the adults outside by Father Salvatierra. The soldiers also came in for a share of solicitude. Regular public prayers were appointed for them, and a weekly exhortation was made to them by one of the missioners with the most satisfactory results. The soldiers, though most of them belonged to the most reckless class of adventurers, carefully refrained from harassing the Indians, and cheerfully aided in the erection of the mission buildings. Their station was, doubtless, peculiarly disagreeable, separated as they were from the rest of the world, and condemned to the dull routine of outpost duty, without any of its usual excitements. But

they bore it without a murmur. All supplies had to be procured from the opposite shore, and, in consequence, famine was often threatened, and even felt in Loretto, but the example of the two missioners prevented any thoughts of abandoning the post, even in the midst of the severest privations.

Several months were spent in acquiring the Indian language, and it was not until the year 1699 that the two Jesuits deemed themselves ready to extend the field of their labors. Father Piccolo penetrated on foot into the heart of the sierras, and having found a suitable place for a mission, he resolved to establish a second there. A close acquaintance with the character of the Californians had convinced both priests that simple excursions among the rancherias were almost useless. The Indians showed no hostility to, and indeed no care for, the doctrines proposed to them. They received the preachers sometimes well and sometimes ill, but their first friendship was no guarantee that they would not break into hostilities in the course of a few days. The Indians around Loretto, though many received their daily food at the fort, made four or five unprovoked attacks on the soldiers during the first year, and as readily returned to their demonstrations of friendship when driven off. The only effectual way to Christianize such a people was to gather them into permanent settlements, where they might gradually imbibe the practices of a Christian life, and fall under the power of good habits. But to effect this was a task to appal any but an apostle. Before the savages could be induced to quit their wandering life, food had to be provided for their support, and years must pass before they could be expected to acquire habits of industry sufficiently strong to make them support themselves. All those years the missioners had to look forward to an unceasing round of the dreariest toil,—manual labor of the rudest kind, ploughing, harrowing, digging, feeding cattle, divided their time with their religious duties. Even the latter were of a nature to repel any but the most self-sacrificing spirit. The stupid nature of the Californians required to be moulded with unceasing labor, and it was only by almost endless repetition that the truths of the Gospel could be impressed on their minds. To spend day after day in these wearisome tasks, without intercourse with the civilized world, or even with his religious brethren, except at rare intervals, with the constant expectation of seeing his catechumens after months of instruction suddenly abandon him, or break into open violence—such was the life of the Jesuit missioner in California. It was indeed a less brilliant and exciting life than that of his brethren in other regions, but assuredly it was one to which nothing but the most heroic devotion could reconcile men of the highest culture and talents.

The foundation of St. Francis Xavier, as the second mission was called, was succeeded by a period of more than usual misery in Loretto. The communications of the latter with Mexico were at best rare, but now a continued succession of storms interrupted them for several months. The captain, Tortolero, gave his resignation to Father Salvatierra in the same year, on account of ill health, and his successor was far from showing equal good will to the missions. The pearl fishing was the chief motive that had brought him to California, and as the Superior, in virtue of the powers received from the Viceroy, refused to let him force the Indians to fish for him, he revenged himself by writing bitter letters against the missions.

The effect of these misrepresentations was to lessen considerably the alms on which the existence of the new establishments depended, and Father Salvatierra at one time thought of dismissing all his companions and remaining alone among the Indians at the risk of imminent death. In this extremity his distress was relieved by the generous contributions of the converted tribes in Sonora, and especially of the Yaquis, who on several occasions dispatched their canoes across the gulf with loads of provisions.

Father Juan Ugarte also, who had hitherto acted as procurator of the mission in Mexico, generously determined to join his brethren in the peninsula. Having loaded a bark at Matanchel with all the supplies he could obtain, he set out by land to Yaqui in Sonora, where he expected to find a vessel. His hopes in that respect were disappointed, but his energy was not so easily foiled, and finding an abandoned boat on the shore he boldly embarked in it, and after a three days' voyage arrived safely in Loretto. His arrival was of the utmost value to the mission. To an extraordinary bodily strength, and a courage which no dangers could daunt, he united a wonderful fertility of resources, and mechanical talents which made him soon the main support of the entire colony. He quickly devised the best means for conciliating the Indians, for cultivating the ground, and, at a later period, for introducing manufactures among the converts. Father Salvatierra styled him the "Apostle," after a long experience of his eminent qualities; and to his untiring zeal was mainly due the maintenance of the reductions during the troubles of their early years.

Father Salvatierra was not in Loretto at the time of Ugarte's arrival. Shortly before he had passed over to Sonora to concert measures for the exploration of the territory about the head of the gulf with Father Kuhn, so as to establish, if possible, a land communication between their respective missions. The plans of the two Jesuits embraced the conversion of all the tribes of Upper California and Arizona, and the foundation of a Spanish colony at Monterey, near the present site of San Francisco, for the protection of the missions. To accomplish these objects both were to push their missions northward on opposite sides of the gulf, and, as a first step to that end, Father Kuhn, in 1700, set out to explore its shores to their head. In a geographical point of view his journey was a highly successful one, and entitles him to a high place among discoverers. He first established the fact that Lower California was not an island, and at the same time discovered the mouth of the Colorado, the most important river on the western side of the American continent. Having crossed the Gila, the southern branch of that river, he entered the present territory of the United States, but though well received by the Indians, he was unable to remain with them. On his return, he and Father Salvatierra made the same journey, and convinced themselves of the termination of the gulf about the thirty-second degree of latitude. An account of these discoveries was transmitted to Mexico, and their importance acknowledged by the authorities, but the state of the north prevented them from being turned to any immediate account. Father Kuhn continued his explorations at intervals till his death in the year 1710, but was never able to carry out his great plans for the conversion of Upper California.

Having conferred with Father Kuhn, Father Salvatierra returned to Loretto, where he was overjoyed

to find his former procurator. It was determined that Father Piccolo should proceed to Mexico, to look after the affairs of the mission there, but his departure was put off until Father Ugarte had learned the language. In the meantime the Sierra Indians, at the instigation of their medicine-men, destroyed the chapel and buildings of the San Xavier mission, and Father Piccolo narrowly escaped from their hands. As it was of importance that it should be restored, and Father Piccolo was needed in Mexico, Father Ugarte, with his usual daring, took the task on himself. He was escorted to his post by a few soldiers, but, whether through fear of punishment or otherwise, no Indians appeared near the ruins. The missioner's resolution was soon taken. Sending back the soldiers, he remained alone to await the return of the Indians. Towards evening a boy cautiously ventured towards the ruins, and was received with a thousand caresses by Ugarte. The news of the departure of the soldiers, which the child carried to his countrymen, quickly brought a crowd of the latter, and in a short time the courageous priest saw himself surrounded by the whole of Father Piccolo's late flock, including, doubtless, his would-be murderers. The savages showed their usual petulance towards the stranger at first, but were awed into something like respect by his commanding manner, and all, but the children especially, were attracted by his affability.

Father Ugarte's exploits have brought us down several years, but in the meantime the young mission was sorely tried in various ways. For several months no news was heard of Father Piccolo, and had it not been for Father Ugarte's diligence in procuring roots and wild fruits in the mountains, the garrison and priests ran a risk of dying by starvation. Finally good news arrived from Mexico; Father Piccolo had obtained a grant of six thousand dollars from the royal treasury for the soldiers, and the foundation of four new missions from private charity. Two priests, Father Bassaldua and Father Minutili, were in consequence sent to California, whither they were followed by Father Piccolo himself. The diversity of nationality among the priests thus assembled is worthy of remark. Father Salvatierra was a Milanese, Piccolo a Sicilian, Father Bassaldua a Mexican creole, Ugarte a native of Honduras, and Minutili of Sardinia. The same diversity continued through the whole time of the Jesuit missions. The members of the order in almost every country of Europe furnished recruits to these distant missions, and it is to the credit of the Spanish Government that it never allowed its well known jealousy of foreigners in its colonies to interfere with the free action of the missioners.

The arrival of the new missioners was the signal for an outbreak at Father Ugarte's mission. The medicine-men and their followers attacked the Christians in his absence, and killed several, and though peace was soon restored, this massacre showed how little trust could be placed in the Indians. Nevertheless, the exploration of the country was readily undertaken by Father Ugarte and Bassaldua, and sites were found for two new missions. The want of means postponed for a time the erection of these establishments, and even threatened with destruction those already founded. The destruction of the Spanish treasure fleet by the English in the bay of Vigo was a severe blow to the wealthier Mexicans, most of whom had remittances on board. In consequence, not only the royal grants for the garrison which had

been made two years before were left unpaid, but scarcely any aid could be collected from private charity. In this extremity, Father Salvatierra summoned a council of his colleagues to determine whether the mission should be abandoned. For himself, he declared he was resolved to remain alone, if necessary, but the others were free to depart or stay. All unanimously protested that nothing would induce them to abandon their work, and Father Ugarte proposed to send the garrison and all the assistants to Mexico, while the priests should remain alone among the Indians. On making this proposition, however, to the laymen, they indignantly refused to quit the Fathers, and it was resolved to subsist as best they could on the roots and berries of the country, until a return of more favorable times. Several months were thus passed, during which the missioners had to add to their other duties that of leading parties of berry hunters through the mountains. The neighboring missions of Sonora at length came to their aid, and brighter prospects began to dawn. At this conjuncture, Father Salvatierra was unexpectedly called away to act as Provincial of New Spain, a charge which he filled for about two years. In his new capacity he did not cease to labor for the good of California. By his representations to the Viceroy and to the Spanish court, a liberal aid was granted for the maintenance of the garrison and vessels belonging to the settlement.

The Provincial himself visited his old mission, which he had left in care of Father Ugarte, and found everything in a satisfactory condition. Father Minutili had been compelled by ill health to return to Mexico, but his place was filled by Father Pedro Ugarte, brother of the Superior. The Provincial expressed his warm approbation of all he saw, and having recommended the foundation of two new missions to the zeal of Father Ugarte, he returned to Mexico without leaving him any further directions than his own discretion.

The proposed foundations immediately engrossed attention; but there were only three priests in the whole of California, while the three missions already established contained over two thousand Christians and catechumens, scattered over a wild district, at least fifty leagues in length. To obviate this difficulty, the Superior took on himself the whole administration of this flock, leaving Father Bassaldua and his brother free for new missions. The latter set out to his destined post with a few Indians of Loretto. For some time he remained with no other shelter than the trees, under which the Californians were in the habit of shielding themselves from the weather, and afterwards a hut of branches served for his dwelling. Following the example of his brother, he endeavored to induce the Indians to aid in building a chapel; but the adults were utterly disinclined to work, and the only assistance he could obtain was from the children. By presents and caresses he induced a number of the latter to help him in digging clay, making bricks, and raising the walls of his humble church, he working himself among them, and stimulating their industry by praises and rewards. At the same time, he made himself familiar with their language, and on the dedication of the church he quickly gathered a large congregation for instruction. An unfortunate incident, however, nearly destroyed the rising mission. Being called to visit a sick Indian, Father Ugarte found a medicine-man practicing his spells about the invalid, and sharply rebuked his friends in consequence. The latter, as the readiest mode of showing their repentance, actually killed the

unfortunate wizard, and came in triumph to relate their exploit to the missioner. As might be expected, he severely blamed the perpetrators of such an outrage, and they, in another freak of malice, plotted his own murder. The conspiracy was revealed by a child, and the courage of Ugarte, who reproached the leaders alone, completely cowed them, and averted the storm from his mission.

On the close of his term of office as Provincial, Father Salvatierra returned to his mission of California. The rules which he had established for the missions had been fully confirmed, and as little change was subsequently made in them, it may be as well to briefly describe them here. The Indians, as has been already mentioned, lived in scattered rancherias, and hence each mission, church, and residence was attended by only a small portion of the flock attached to it. For the instruction of the others, the missioner made periodical visits to the different rancherias, and on the great festivals the whole population assembled at the church. The central mission usually contained, besides the church and priest's house, a school for the children, where they were taught to work, and an hospital for the sick; all the inmates of both establishments, as well as those catechumens who remained at the church for instruction, being supported by the mission. At Loretto, a school of more importance was maintained and taught by teachers brought from Mexico, and to this the most promising children were sent from all the missions. The boys trained there served to fill the various offices of catechists and governors created by the Jesuits for the instruction and police of their converts. Each mission had a governor, who maintained good order among his countrymen, and a sacristan, who looked after the church and recited the public prayers in the absence of the missioner. In the smaller settlements, an Indian catechist performed the same duties regularly, and maintained good order. In both the missions and the Christian rancherias, public prayers were recited night and morning, and instructions were given at the church to the whole of the Christians by turns. The administration of the sacraments, especially of the Blessed Eucharist, was a matter that required extraordinary care among the new converts, and only those who had given proof of both their instruction and their good dispositions were allowed to approach the altar at Easter. Several, however, deserved higher privileges, and were allowed to receive communion at other festivals, especially after the missions had been well established. A great object with the Jesuits was to introduce agriculture and the breeding of cattle among the converts; but the barrenness of the soil offered serious obstacles to this course in most missions. Father Ugarte's settlement at San Xavier and some others furnished grain enough for the support of their entire population; but in the majority, little or no arable ground was to be had. In consequence, the whole cost of feeding the Indians who had to remain at the churches for any cause was thrown on the Jesuits, who, as an old "Relation" quaintly remarks, instead of being supported, had themselves to support their flocks. The other Indians supported themselves, as before the arrival of the missioners, on wild fruits and game.

To meet the heavy expenses thus entailed upon the missions, Father Salvatierra had established the "Pious Fund" with the alms of his friends in Mexico. Ten thousand dollars was required for the endowment of a mission, and the sums contributed for this end were,

after mature deliberation, invested in lands in New Spain. Five hundred dollars a year was allowed each missioner for his own support and that of his flock, and any surplus was distributed among the most needy churches. The King paid the soldiers after the first years of the settlement, but contributed no more towards the expenses of the missions.

The soldiers who formed the garrison varied in number, but generally amounted to twenty-five men. They were under the command of a captain, who had supreme civil authority in California, but was himself appointed by the superior of the missions. This privilege had been obtained by Father Salvatierra for the protection of the Indians, as he knew by experience the ill-treatment which the soldiers of the frontiers were wont to inflict on the converted savages. In fact, the soldiers of California made repeated attempts to use the natives in fishing for pearls, or to engage in the fishing themselves, but all such were vigorously opposed by the Jesuits. As might be expected, their defence of the Indians stirred up bitter opposition among the worse class of soldiers, who, on their return, filled Mexico with their complaints of the tyranny of the Jesuits. But the latter were not to be diverted from their course by such clamors. Their conduct was again and again triumphantly vindicated from all the charges brought against it, and finally, in 1734, the Viceroy, having deprived them of their powers, saw himself obliged to restore them in a few months, in consequence of the disorders which followed his decree.

The limited number of the Jesuits in California did not allow them to carry out the community life in the degree that it was maintained in the reductions of Paraguay. Each lived entirely separate from his religious brethren, with no company but the Indians and a soldier, as guard and assistant. The latter was the deputy of the captain, and exercised a certain police authority in certain cases, besides watching over the settlement in the absence of the priest, and acting as post courier. The missions being far apart, and the roads, or tracks, between bad, the Jesuits seldom saw one another except at extraordinary meetings. The Superior himself was generally alone in Loretto, where he performed the duties of an ordinary administrator and chaplain to the garrison, besides attending to the general affairs.

Father Salvatierra's return was hailed with joy by all the missioners, but unfortunately he was not able to obtain from Mexico the assistants whom he required. Of three that were sent to him, one, Father Guisi, was drowned at sea, and the outbreak of an epidemic prostrated the strength of the others. The want of fresh provisions in most of the missions, where dried beef and parched corn were the principal food to be had, broke down the health of even the strongest. Father Bassaldua and Father Pedro Ugarte were forced to abandon the country, and nearly all the others were several times at the point of death. The epidemic, too, swept away numbers of the Christian Indians, and gave occasion to the medicine-men to charge the strangers with its introduction among them. Ten years thus passed, in almost constant trials for the venerable Superior, whose health, although naturally robust, began to give way under the load of cares and years. Often he was obliged to direct the affairs of his mission from the poor bed of his presbytery, being entirely unable to arise, but still he continued to toil on. While in this state, he was suddenly called to new labors by the arrival of Father Tamaral, who came to found a long-

projected mission, and at the same time to call Salvatierra to Mexico. The new Viceroy had received from the court orders highly favorable to California, and Father Salvatierra's presence in the capital was deemed of the utmost importance at this moment. Illness, pain, his years, and the dangers of the voyage, were all unable to prevent the old man from immediately setting out. He crossed the gulf in safety, after a nine days' tossing about in the narrow cabin of the mission sloop, but the journey by land from Matanchel to Japie completely prostrated his strength. Still he refused to stop, and being unable to mount on horseback, he caused himself to be carried on the shoulders of the Indian porters as far as Guadalajara, the second city of the viceroyalty, where he was obliged to stop through weakness. It was during his rectorship in that city that he had matured the plan of his mission, and now, in its service, he had come there to die. The whole population felt the most lively interest in his fate, and prayers for his recovery were offered up in all the churches; but his labors were over, and after two months of painful illness, he quietly resigned his soul into the hands of his Creator. He was buried in the church of the Jesuits, near the altar of our Lady of Loretto, whose devoted servant he had ever been through life.

Father Salvatierra's death did not affect the stability of his missions. Father Ugarte again was placed in charge of them, and the Government of Mexico granted a small bark, and made large promises of further aid. The lay-brother Bravo, who had been Father Salvatierra's companion, brought back this favorable news to Loretto, and was also accompanied by another missioner, Father Sistiaga. The latter had been invited to devote himself to the mission by the arrival of Father Salvatierra in Mexico, and with the permission of the superiors he now came to supply his place in California. Father Ugarte's energy quickly utilized the resources thus placed at his disposal. Father Tamaral was charged with the conversion of the tribes in the south, and Father Helen with that of the Cochimis of the north, in the year following the death of the venerable founder. Two years later, the lay-brother Bravo received ordination by command of the General, and was placed in charge of a new mission near the bay of La Paz. All these were singularly successful. Father Tamaral baptized upwards of two thousand Indians during the six years he remained on his mission. Father Bravo converted sixteen hundred around La Paz; and Father Helen, in 1726, had gathered around him a Christian population of seventeen hundred. The northern tribes showed more intelligence, and also a much greater readiness to receive instruction than those of Loretto. And the visitor, Father Ganulain, pronounced them the best Christians of the entire country. Unlike the rest of their countrymen, they readily collected into villages, and built houses for their lodging, although still obliged to seek their support in wild berries and game, owing to the poor quality of the soil. The southern Indians, on the contrary, showed a far more hostile disposition towards the strangers and their religion. Unlike the other tribes, they were in the habit of practicing polygamy, which offered the most serious obstacle to their conversion. The visits of the pearl fishers from the opposite coast of Sinaloa, too, contributed largely to exasperate them against all Europeans, as these adventurers treated them with the usual insolence and injustice of frontiersmen.

While his brother Jesuits were thus employed, the indefatigable

Ugarte found a new field for his activity. Cardinal Alberoni, the celebrated minister of Philip the Fifth, had expressed his desire for a complete survey of the Californian gulf. With a view to the establishment of Spanish settlements and missions in the north, Ugarte determined to undertake the task. The little vessels, however, which brought the supplies to Loretto, were too small or too crazy for such an expedition, and experience had shown that it was nearly impossible to have seaworthy craft built on the Mexican coast. The ready wit of the Superior was not to be baffled by such obstacles. Learning from the Indians of the existence of a forest in the interior of the sierra, he proceeded to the spot, and with the help of three Mexicans and the Indians, he cut and prepared the timber for the construction of a vessel in the port of Mulege. To transport this timber to the port, a road had to be made through the heart of the mountains, and the whole had to be dragged a distance of thirty leagues. The perseverance of Father Ugarte overcame all obstacles, and in the autumn of 1719 his new vessel was launched at Mulege, and pronounced by experts to be one of the best yet seen in California.

The Triumph of the Cross, as this vessel was called, was soon employed in the dangerous service of surveying the northern shores of the gulf. Father Ugarte set off on this mission in 1721, accompanied by six Europeans, two Manilla men, and twenty Indians, nearly all Californians. With this crew the shores of the gulf on both sides were carefully surveyed, and the absence of any communication of its waters with those of the ocean, except at its mouth, fully confirmed. The tribes of the north of California were found to be both more friendly and more ingenious than those of the parts of the peninsula hitherto explored, and it was resolved to establish a mission among them without delay. A full account of his discoveries, accompanied by a chart, prepared by the pilot, Strafort, was transmitted by Father Ugarte to Mexico, on his return, but, in consequence of Alberoni's fall, and the abandonment of his great designs, it was turned to no use by the colonial authorities. The glory of being the first explorer of the great inland sea is thus fully due to the illustrious missioner, who, on so many other titles, deserves to be reckoned among the most distinguished men of New Spain.

The downfall of Alberoni having effectually checked all projects for the settlement of Upper California, Father Ugarte, on his return from his voyage, applied himself to the completion of the conversion of the peninsula. The missions of Dolores, on the shores of the gulf, and Santiago, near Cape St. Lucas, completed the series of establishments from Loretto to the southern extremity of the peninsula, and San Ignacio, in the north, was founded among the docile Cochimis. The mission at Cape St. Lucas was the least successful of all the reductions. The Indians in its neighborhood, though more intelligent, were also more depraved than the other tribes, and their intercourse with the pearl fishers had only served to add the vices of the Spaniards to their own. A considerable number of escaped negroes had taken refuge with them, and formed the most bitter opponents of Christianity. On the first establishment of the mission, no Indians could be seen, and it was only after some days, while walking alone, that Father Napoli, its founder, made the acquaintance of his future flock. The first meeting was of anything but an encouraging nature. A party of a couple of hundred Indians, fully armed,

suddenly rushed from an ambuscade with hideous cries, on the solitary missioner, who naively admitted, afterwards, that from the peculiarly frightful appearance of their leader in his war paint, he at first took him for the devil in person. Though thus assailed, however, and, moreover, but little acquainted with the Indian customs, the Jesuit did not lose courage, but boldly advanced to meet his assailants. Having made them comprehend by signs that he was a friend, he succeeded in disarming their hostility and bringing them around the mission. The constant wars in which they were engaged with one another of their neighbors, and their licentiousness, offered almost insuperable obstacles to their conversion, and in six years Father Napoli could only reckon ninety grown Indians as Christians.

The northern mission of San Ignacio, which was the next in order of foundation, formed in every respect a striking contrast to that of Santiago. Its founder, the Mexican Father Luyando, was received with such eagerness, that more than five hundred Cochimis immediately enrolled themselves as catechumens. A distant rancheria presented itself to seek baptism, having been already instructed by a Christian boy from San Xavier, and several of the Indians acted voluntarily as teachers of their pagan countrymen. The morals of these tribes were far purer than those of the rest of the Californians, and on this score Christianity found little opposition. Nor were the good dispositions as transitory as the majority of Indian friendships. Neither the intrigues of the medicine-men, nor the outbreak of a pestilence which destroyed the converts by hundreds, were able to detach them from the faith, and a few years later, when the fears of a general rising caused the temporary withdrawal of the missioners, they followed them in a body to Loretto and refused to return without them. Their industry was early stirred up to cultivate the lands in the neighborhood of the mission. The first year of the mission, the harvest of grain amounted to a hundred bushels, which increased to a thousand in the fourth, when Father Luyando was removed from it. Besides this, the vine, the olive, fig, and sugar cane, were successfully cultivated by the Indians. The wandering life of the rancherias was thus in a few years abandoned, and villages of sun-dried brick houses, each with its little chapel, erected in their stead.

The progress of San Ignacio was viewed with unfavorable eyes by the savages of the north, who, in the second year of its existence, made attacks upon the Christians and killed several. Father Luyando at first exhorted his flock to refrain from reprisals, in the hope of thus gaining over the enemy, but, finding these hopes disappointed, he bade them arm in their own defence. The two soldiers who resided at the mission busied themselves in introducing a better class of arms among the warriors, who were thus equipped with hide shields, sandals, and pikes, of a rude make, besides the national weapon, the bow. Three hundred and fifty warriors were thus armed, and the command assumed by an Indian of Loretto, who in ordinary times acted as governor in the mission. The chief discharged his duties skilfully, surrounded by night the party which was on its way to destroy the church, and made them all prisoners without loss of life. The two missioners of San Ignacio and Guadalupe interceded for the liberty of the captives, when they were brought to the former mission, and this clemency, at a moment when they expected nothing but death, had such an effect on them that they all return-

ed in a few days, with others of their countrymen, to enrol themselves as future Christians.

About the time that these events were passing in the north, California suffered the loss of her two oldest missioners. Father Piccolo died in 1728, at the age of seventy-nine, and, the following year, he was followed to another world by the venerable Superior, Father Juan Ugarte. The latter had completed his seventieth year, having spent over thirty among the Indians of California, whose conversion was mainly due, under heaven, to his extraordinary zeal, self-devotion, and talent. Though the reductions were afterwards tried by numerous misfortunes, they had been too firmly established by him to be overthrown, and even yet the memory of his works lives in the peninsula which he evangelized so well.

MY DILEMMA, AND HOW I GOT OUT OF IT.

I WAS once with a friend, spending a month in the pretty little village of L——. We had chosen the spot because it was quiet and picturesque, and together we intended to enjoy ourselves in full for our short stay. I may as well state here that my friend, Edward Vernon, was engaged to my sister, Lucy Wilton, and so, as we were to be brothers one day, a warm friendship existed between us. My sister and myself were orphans, and had been for many years. Lucy was living with a married cousin, and I spent most of my time there when I could escape from the duties of my estate. We were both well off, for Lucy had inherited a handsome annuity from my mother, and I was the owner of a pretty large estate in Cornwall. I was very glad when Edward Vernon proposed for my sister, for, besides having true regard for him, it was pleasant to think some one else was interested in her welfare as well as myself. They appeared very much attached to each other, and I had no hesitation in placing my sister's happiness in Vernon's hands. At the time of which I am writing, Lucy had gone with our cousin on a visit to Spa, and Vernon and I, resisting all their invitations to accompany them, determined to have a quiet holiday to ourselves. I believe Vernon would rather have kept with the ladies, but I had no wish to be always dancing attendance on them, for, to tell the truth, I was no ladies' man, and I considered the opposite sex as very useful and ornamental, no doubt, but also (pardon me, fair readers) very troublesome and capricious. So I persuaded the reluctant Edward to join me, and promising to meet our friends again in a month's time, we betook ourselves to our quiet destination.

We had been there but a week, when by accident we became acquainted with a family who, like ourselves, were on a visit at the pretty country-place.

It consisted of a Mr. and Mrs. Gregory, their two children, and the governess. We spent our evenings at their house, and I enjoyed Mr. Gregory's conversation exceedingly, for he was very well read. I did not notice that, whilst I paid my court to the master of the house, my friend Vernon was equally busy paying attention to the pretty governess, Miss Ada Walters.

But one day I happened to remark, "We were very lucky, weren't we, to fall in with the Gregory's?"

"Yes," he answered, "I enjoy their company very much."

"Mr. Gregory is so clever," I said.

"And Miss Walters is so pretty," he returned.

I looked at him in surprise.

"Why, Edward," I said, "I thought you couldn't find time to admire any one's beauty but Lucy's?"

I laughed as I spoke, but he turned away and looked annoyed. I did not take much notice of this, and our month glided swiftly by, whilst we became more intimate than ever with Mr. Gregory.

One morning I received a letter from my cousin, saying she and Lucy were at my house in Cornwall, and they would like us to join them there. I showed the letter to Vernon, but he did not seem as pleased as I thought he would be.

"Will you be ready to start to-morrow, Edward?" I asked.

"Well, I—I think not, Herbert," he answered.

I stared at him with astonishment.

"Well, you lovers are the most inconsistent people I ever met," exclaimed I. "But a month ago you could not bear to part from Lucy, and now you don't care to see her again. Why, what's the matter, Vernon?"

"Nothing much," he answered, looking gloomy enough; "but I have got myself into a nice scrape."

"Well, what is it, are you in debt?"

"No. Worse than that; I'm in love," he answered.

"Why, Vernon, I thought that was all settled between Lucy and yourself?"

"Will you listen to me, Herbert," he said impatiently; "it is not your sister I care for now, but—Ada Walters."

I started from my chair and cried:

"Vernon, do you mean to insult my sister?"

"No, Bertie," he answered, "I am willing to fulfil my engagement with her."

"And do you think Lucy Wilton mean enough to marry a man who doesn't care for her?" I said, with a slight sneer. "But I will undeceive you, Edward Vernon. I, as her guardian, will not allow this marriage to take place. We part company to-day, and henceforth let us be as strangers."

I threw down my cigar as I spoke, and turned to walk away; but he stopped me with—

"You will say good-bye, won't you, Bert?"

"No," I answered, "I will have nothing more to say to the man who has behaved so basely to my sister."

I started for home next morning, without again seeing Vernon, and my journey was not very pleasant. I had pictured to myself my *pauvre petite sœur* pining away for her faithless lover, and I knew I could be of no use to comfort her. I knew nothing of the delicate nature of women, for I had never had much intercourse with them, and I feared I should wound Lucy's gentle heart by breaking my news too roughly. When I arrived at my home, I heartily wished Edward Vernon had come himself to tell her of his faithlessness. "However, the business must be done, and the sooner the better," I said to myself.

Lucy met me in the hall with smiles and blushes, and in her pretty, innocent way, begged my pardon for asking her cousin to my house without my leave.

"Why, Lucy, darling," I said, "you know the house is as much yours as it is mine, and you are at liberty to invite any friend you please here."

To my surprise, she never mentioned Edward's name, but when we entered the drawing-room after

I had greeted my cousin, the latter said—

"Isn't Mr. Vernon with you, Herbert?"

"No," I answered; "he is so charmed with our rural home that he intends staying longer."

I turned to Lucy as I spoke, but she did not make any reply, and I thought she did not seem to care much for his absence.

After we had dined, my cousin went out on business, leaving Lucy and myself alone. I thought I could not have a better opportunity for relating my story.

"Come here, Lucy," I said, as she stood beside the window arranging a beautiful bouquet of flowers in a vase of water. She came directly, and leaned over the back of my chair, saying—

"What do you want, Bertie?"

"Why didn't you ask after Edward?" I said.

She blushed slightly, and answered:

"I forgot to do so until cousin had asked, Bertie."

"And don't you mind his remaining away, Luce?" I asked.

Her voice was lower, and I thought it trembled when she answered—

"Of course, Mr. Vernon can please himself, brother."

"*Mr. Vernon!*" I cried; "it used to be *Edward*, once, Luce."

She did not speak, and when I turned, and looked up in her face, I saw a large tear quivering in her eyelash.

"Why, Lucy! sister, what is the matter?" I asked.

"Bertie, oh Bertie!" she cried, throwing herself on her knees before me, "don't be angry with me when I tell you I cannot marry Mr. Vernon."

"Not marry Edward!" I said, trying to look grave. "What have you been doing—nothing wrong?"

"Indeed, I haven't, brother, but I don't love Edward now."

I could have laughed at the simple way in which she spoke, but I maintained my gravity and said—

"Tell me what has happened, Lucy."

She arose, and placing an ottoman at my feet, sat on it with her face averted from me.

"You know, dear Bertie," she began, "when Ellen and I set out for Spa, I thought I loved Edward better than I could ever love any one else, and I knew you were pleased to think I was going to marry him. But about a week after we arrived there, we went to a party, and I was introduced to your old friend Reginald Heywood. He conversed with me nearly all the evening, and when we parted, asked Ellen if he might call on us. She, seeing no harm, assented, and several times he came to our house, and we went out walking with him. But at last, one day he asked me to —to be his wife, and I, still trying to think I loved Edward, refused. Then he went away, and oh Bertie! I felt so miserable and lonely, and for the first time saw that I had taken more than a friendly interest in him. I told Ellen what had passed, and she said we had better return home at once. We did so, but—Reginald returned too, and yesterday he came again to me whilst Ellen was out, and implored me not to blight his life by refusing him a second time."

I saw her eyes wander to the flowers, and I was now at no loss to guess from whom they came, and why she took such care of them.

"Well, Lucy, and what did you say?" I asked gently.

"I told him I would speak to you, Bertie, when you came, and he said he would come and see you too."

"And what answer am I to give him when he does come?" I asked, smiling.

She arose from her seat, threw her arms round my neck, and hid

her blushing face on my shoulder; then answered—

"If you think Mr. Vernon wouldn't mind, Bertie, I would rather marry Reginald."

"I don't think Mr. Vernon will stand in your way, Lucy," I answered. "He has already found some one to console him."

She looked up half surprised, half pleased, and I told my story—

"I have got more easily out of my dilemma than I thought I should," I said, as I finished. "But I must see your new suitor to-morrow, and have a talk with him. And I suppose, Lucy," I said, laughing, "when you have been engaged to Reginald a few months, you will come and tell me you can't marry him because you don't love him."

"Oh! no, indeed, Bertie," she answered, with a blush and a smile.

The next day Reginald called, and, when our interview was over, I had given my consent to his marriage with Lucy. I had known Reginald Heywood for many years, and knew him to be a goodhearted, honorable fellow, and in every way worthy of my sister's hand, besides he seemed most devotedly attached to her.

I wrote immediately to Vernon, telling him how freely Lucy had released him, and begging his pardon for my hasty words.

Two days afterwards an answer came, with an invitation for Lucy and myself to be present at his wedding. We accepted it, and Vernon and I had a good laugh over the romantic ending to the engagement between himself and my sister.

Six months later Lucy became Mrs. Heywood, and both Mr. and Mrs. Vernon attended her wedding. As time passed by, I rejoiced in my sister's choice of a husband, for I found Reginald as noble and generous as he was handsome and brave, and his firm and devoted love for Lucy won at once my warmest esteem.

And now, for the benefit of my lady readers, I may add that much as I avoided the society of the fair sex, I fell into their snares at last.

Whilst on a visit at Vernon's, I grew desperately in love with his pretty bright-eyed sister, Laura. I no longer considered it disagreeable to be dancing attendance on the ladies, or rather on one particular lady; nor did I think her very troublesome. Capricious she certainly was sometimes, but that I overlooked; and, when I asked her to cheer my lonely life by her sunny presence, with very little hesitation she consented.

So after all Vernon became my brother-in-law, and I often tell my wife what a dreadful dilemma I was in when I went to break the news of Edward's faithlessness, and how very easily I got out of it.

APPEARANCES.

The question of appearances was never a more practical one than it is now, when one and the same class includes the extremes of wealth and narrow fortune in greater number than ever, all trained in the same ideas and inheriting the same tastes. Yet the plea of doing this or that for the sake of appearances is seldom used by persons who pretend to liberal ideas, without a sneaking sense of shame. We never feel less dignified than when proffering it either as a motive influential with ourselves or as a dissuasive against our friend's course of action. We

have recourse to it in deference, as we suppose, to the exigencies of our weaker nature, but not without a consciousness of some lack of self-respect in this anxiety to regulate our conduct by its outward seeming. Yet it may be doubted whether this is a natural shame, or one that would obtrude itself unprompted on most minds. Philosophers and satirists have put it into our heads; powers before which nature and mother-wit so often cower abashed. It is a question that regards the susceptible and feminine side of our humanity, which is provided with fewest cut and dried arguments wherewith to answer cavillers. Open, therefore, and in a manner defenceless to the aggressions and plausible refutations of what sets itself up for reason, the poor stickler for externals sees all go against him so long as words fight the battle, though probably in no case whatever does either philosopher or satirist so little hold by his own rule, or so seldom submit to his own dictation, as in this one of the vanity of appearances, the baseness of shams, and contempt for Mrs. Grundy. In fact, our happiness is inseparable from appearances. To live without regard to the impression we make upon others and its reflex upon ourselves, or without continual sacrifices to this consideration, were to live the life of animals, not of men; but it is much easier to contemn a stringent regard to externals as a bondage unworthy of a rational being than to prove to a captious understanding the prevailing moral influence which they exercise for good. So much so that all people are amused, and in a way convinced, by pictures representing the folly of regarding appearances, though nobody, whether author or reader, ever dreams of regulating his own conduct by the lessons which he enforces or subscribes to.

What truth, what practical philosophy, people thought they saw in Franklin's practical arguments against a sacrifice to appearances! "Almost all parts of our bodies require," he grants, "some expense; the feet demand shoes, the legs stockings, the rest of the body clothing, and the belly a good deal of victuals. Our eyes, though exceeding useful, ask, when reasonable, only the cheap assistance of spectacles, which could not much impair our finances. But the eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture." But who ever thought of rigidly ordering his expenses by this rule? Something always interposes itself between social beings and the possibility of acting after this plan of living with a view to merely personal requirements. Can even the much-talked-of young couple, starting on a scanty income, arrange their expenses on the supposition of a blind world? and is there practical wisdom, whatever it may look in mere precept, in ignoring the observations and expectations of the people among whom they live? True, it is the duty to class, the sense of citizenship, which constitutes the difficulty of their position, and establishes the continual conflict between the public and private claims on each dime; but to hold out is better, morally as well as in mere feeling, than to give up the battle, and spend the poor sum total on shoes and stockings, beef and potatoes. In fact, no two persons can agree together to give up appearances. The only people to do so cheerfully are the men of one idea or one pursuit,—the miser, the man eaten up with self-conceit, and also the victims to some eccentric forms of enthusiasm. These let go the sense of universal kinship, and with it that balance of the mental powers which constitutes perfect sanity.

The revolutionary philosophers of the last century wrote in a spirit of reaction, following an age which obeyed the instinct for appearance with few doubts or scruples, and with an easier part to play than harasses our day; an age in which people consulted their neighbor's taste, rather than their own ideas of order and consistency. The fine lady who

> "Managed her estate with care,
> Yet liked three footmen to her chair,"

had, no doubt, to overlook some anomalies in her private surroundings. We have personal requirements nowadays that would not embarrass the young fellow who is counselled to keep up a gay outside, though at some risk. He might, to be sure, by management save in his dress; instead of wearing fine holland, he might mourn in sackcloth, and in other particulars be proportionally shabby; but of what service would that sum be to avert any misfortune, whilst it would leave him deserted by the little good acquaintance he has, and prevent his gaining any others? This is precisely the line, both of the individual and of society towards him, which modern satirists shake their heads over and call hard names. Addison takes the fact, and acquiesces in it, as a trait of our common nature needing no apology. In fact, we all agree with him, whatever consent we may affect to give to the denunciations against snobs, shams, and flunkeyism. No doubt, if all the bystanders were blind, the figure one's friends make would give us little concern; but so long as people do see, and make observations, the members of a community cannot be independent of their verdict. We can never overcome this feeling by being ashamed of it. If we could overcome it, our manner might be the worse by acquiring a sort of browbeating self-assertion; while by recognizing it as natural in no evil sense, we may learn to keep it in due subjection to higher considerations.

The quarrel that modern ideas have with appearances goes deeper still. It is grounded on their being held synonymous with respectability in the popular estimate; and respectability may be understood to be in our day on its trial, in a very particular sense. Both appearances and respectability are considered to be enemies of ideas and progress; both constitute the force of Heine's objection to going to England, because he would see Englishmen there,—that is, the conventionally respectable man who cares for appearances; both are repugnant to our more advanced spirits as embodying between them gross prejudice, low morality, and mean subservience; and it must be owned that not only are they apt, when forced into distinct language, to express themselves in a grotesque formula, but also to betray a leaning to these tendencies. It requires an exercise of reason and judgment, to which all men are not equal, to fix on the right appearances to keep up, and on the persons and classes whose respect it is worth while to aim at. A narrow circle is apt to establish very eccentric tests. The point is one at which we easily slip into prejudice and judge by an arbitrary standard. Something there often is in an argument more than the ear catches in the first hearing; but when Mrs. Pullet objects to her sister's curing all her ailments by chewing Turkey rhubarb, on the ground that it was not respectable for a well-to-do person not to send for a doctor, and therefore she was ashamed of people's knowing it, we feel that, if the reasoning is sound at bottom, a link is wanting in the chain. Appearances may soon become a tyranny. The only regard for them that is utterly worthless and degrading is that which involves no

sacrifice,—where appearances are carefully observed, while still

> "Virtue she found too painful an endeavor,
> Content to dwell in decencies forever."

There are people who imagine that appearances actually are the things which they represent. The crape *is* grief, respect, affection, and sense of irretrievable loss. Under which assumption they can complacently, and without any sense of shame or incongruity, form new ties, provide fresh bridal garments, and think as they please. A machinery is set in motion which acts the part of the praying mill. "Cypress" and black borders shed the widow's tears, and the broader the border the more continuous and abundant the torrent; the milliner and stationer manage it all. But gross forms of illusion or hypocrisy, or both in one, are scarcely part of our present subject.

Admitting the morality, as well as expediency, of a regard to appearances, the great thing is to have an equable regard to them; not that fitful homage which makes a man a slave at one time or upon one subject, and indifferent at another,—which is the failing, as we believe, of the majority. The people before whom it is wise to preserve appearances with the most jealous care are often allowed to see the unguarded side. Ambition and pretence constantly err in this way, bestowing all their efforts where they are ineffectual. The confusion so easily slipped into, between keeping up appearances and making an appearance, is often the cause of this, and yet the last makes the first impossible. All display is an enemy to the vigilance which the true observer of appearances must practice.

Some people are selfish in this matter of appearances; they won't do things themselves or be seen doing them, but they will not care whom their scruples compromise. Many families have their drudge, to whom is deputed all the business distasteful or held *infra dig.* by the rest. Like the proud sisters in the fairy tale, they have their Cinderella in the kitchen; which is a very short-sighted shirk and an ostrich-like policy, as society is more likely to judge a whole family by its lowest representative than to ignore him altogether, and take the others at their own estimate.

It may be noted that persons are often jealous of appearances in proportion as their mode of life is dictated to them. The sons and daughters of a home are suspicious of failures in their elders, and watchful to keep them up to the mark. When they grow old, and have things in their own power, they relax, and will perpetrate little solecisms with a smile at their old punctilio; without reflecting that they may be inflicting the wound they once received, and outraging feelings, in their turn, which they now disregard because the world and its ways stand but in a slippery and receding relation to themselves, and can do nothing more for them. But even before we are old in this sense, the fact of being our own masters is very apt to make us defiant of the conventional restraints which we think wholesome for other people. Few persons, however, are so loose of ties and obligations as to be justified in this indulgence. A man who persists in disregarding appearances is a nuisance to all his belongings. There is often malignity, or at the best a conceited notion of superiority to finery and prejudice, in the aggressive line which is taken towards appearances. A wise man will respect them, even where he does not see the sense of them, because they represent realities to some minds, because by contempt he is not only indulging his own humor at the expense of other people's feelings, but usually is wounding some principle of morality or order inextricably associated with them.

FANCIES.

THERE are whisperings in the darkness, in the silence of the heart,
When the soul is still and tranquil, far from life and cares apart;
Then strange thoughts and wondrous fancies o'er the placid spirit break,
As the light clouds cast their shadows on the waters of a lake.

Fleecy, airy, quaint, and gladsome flits their merry formed array,
Now wide-scattered, now united, dance they on their changeful way;
And a softened light gleams round them, through their thin veil stealing faint,
As the smile, subdued and gentle, round the features of a saint.

Swift and fleeting, softly gliding, peopling darkness through the night,
Sunny fancies, quick, unlooked for, flash around their startling light;
And the soul is rapt, entranced, to their sweet emotions given,
And the spirit knows the calmness, breathes the atmosphere of heaven.

'Tis as if bright airy spirits whispered words of peace and love,
Told us tales of worlds celestial, told the secrets of above,
Till we view the hidden treasures and the mansions of the King,
And our ears drink in enraptured the sweet songs the angels sing.

And the starry curtain backward rolls its myriad folds on high,
And we see the crystal brightness of the kingdoms of the sky;
And our soul would fain have wings, and mount the pathless tracks of air
To those diamond-sparkling roofs, and join the spirits gliding there.

But our souls are clogged and fastened, and our high-born dreams are vain;
Years of life may still roll onward—years of hardship, years of pain;
And our wearied minds may stagger 'neath their helpless load of woe,
And our feeble strength still totter on, weak, cheerlessly, and slow.

But we must not droop nor falter, though our journey toilsome be;
Still the whispering spirits murmur words of hope unceasingly,
Still those joyous airy visions throng around us thick and fast,
Offering still celestial glimpses, still the same bright goal at last.

And their truth and strong distinctness come forth clearly over us,
Words of comfort, "Nil hoc verbo veritatis verius;"
And our load no longer burdens, as around our spirits ring,
Loud and clear the swelling anthems, the bright songs the angels sing.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PARADISE OF GOD; or The Virtues of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. By a Father of the Society of Jesus. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 1874. Received through Cunningham & Son.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Translated from the Italian of Rev. Father Franco, S. J. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 1874. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son.

These are two more experimental and meditational treatises on the nature, doctrine, and advantages of the magnificent devotion which has become the rallying point, the centre of faith and love for all the faithful children of God who are prepared to stand firm against the terrible evils of these latter days. There is so much to be said in praise of both these works that we find a complete *embarras de richesses* in attempting to particularize their merits. The first-mentioned volume is from the pen of the Very Rev. Joseph Keller, S. J., Provincial of the Jesuit province of Maryland. It is replete with grand and touching thoughts, expressed in language that falls like an inebriating unction upon the soul of the reader.

The latter volume is a translation of a work well known in the religious circles of Europe, and which is now in its second English edition. While it is full of beautiful meditations, it conveys them in a more indirect manner than Father Keller's treatise, for Father Franco weaves theology with contemplative ideas, that the reader may rejoice in the technical knowledge as well as the devotee's love of the Sacred Heart. Father Keller seems, however, to presuppose the existence of this knowledge, and raises his readers at once to the balmy heights of tender contemplation. Both volumes are most attractive, each in its own way, while the latter is enriched with a preface the charming originality of which, combining as it does such tender sentiments of faith and patriotism, would indicate at once, even without the initials at the foot, that its author was gentle Father Sourin.

PLEADINGS OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. From the French. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1874. Received through Cunningham & Son.

This is a companion to the above-mentioned volumes, embracing the same scope and excellence, though from a different publication house. It consists of meditations in the form of address from the Sacred Heart to the Christian soul. These meditations are arranged for each day of the month. They are sufficiently brief to be read by even the most occupied minds, and they seem to suggest loving and pure thoughts rather than voluminously dictate them. We are heartily glad to see so many works of this kind crowding our table, as their appearance proves that the Catholic public are largely alive to the importance of cherishing this wonderfully potential devotion. All the above books bear the *imprimatur* of several distinguished prelates both of America and Europe.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF GRACE: A Tale of the Reformation. Translated from the French of M. Emery. New York: P. O'Shea. 1874. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 S. Tenth St.

It is perhaps the misfortune of this tale that it should have come from the pen of a Frenchman, while its subject-matter, the English Reformation, is one which can only be properly handled by an English-speaking writer. The consequence is that it displays all the jerkishness of style and poverty of plot which characterizes all the pages of a Parisian *feuilleton*, and is certainly very inferior to such novels as *Willitoft*, or Miss Caddell's *Wild Times*, or in fact any of the well-known and popular stories the theme of which is identical with that of the book before us. We can heartily recommend it, however, if not for its literary merits, at least for the glimpses it gives the novice in historical lore into the events and of the characters of the deplorable reign of the Eighth Henry of infamous memory. The typography and binding are exceedingly attractive, though the book could have been easily and judiciously compressed into half its present bulkiness.

IN PRESS, and will be ready in May, from the publication house of P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia:

THE LIFE OF ST. THOMAS OF VILLANOVA, O. S. A. Reprinted from the oratorian lives of the saints. By Rev. Frederick William Faber.

TIGRANUS: A Tale of the Days of Julian the Apostate. From the Italian of Father George Joseph Franco, S. J.

Both these volumes will be issued in time for the approaching commencement season, and will be very suitable for premiums.

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